The Bookman

"I am a Bookman."—*James Russell Lowell.*

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NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor *of* The Bookman, 27, Paternoster Row, London, E.C. *at latest by the 20th of each month—if possible earlier.*

No unused communications will be returned whether stamps are enclosed for that purpose or not, and to this rule we can make no exception.

All new books sent for review will receive notice, long or short, in the succeeding number. Thus all books received before the 15th *of* February *will be noticed in the* March *number; books received subsequently and up to the* 15th March, *in the* April *number.*

NEWS NOTES.

The Bookman Directory of Booksellers, Publishers, Authors, etc., is now at press, and we hope to announce in next number the terms on which it may be obtained. We are greatly indebted to those in all parts of the country who have helped us in compiling the book.

We are glad to hear that Professor Hort has left the manuscript notes of his various courses of lectures in excellent order, and it is expected that they will be published with little delay. His Hulsean Lectures on "Christ as the Way, the Truth, and the Life" are in the press, and may be expected by Easter. The title is not yet decided upon.

Professor Henry Drummond will deliver the Lowell Lectures at Boston this spring. The subject will be "The Evolution of Man." Professor Drummond has not yet decided as to the date of the publication of these lectures, but has taken steps to protect his copyright in America.

Messrs. Sampson Low and Co. will issue immediately Sir Arthur Gordon's 'Memoir of Lord Aberdeen' in their well-known 'Queen's Prime Ministers' series. The book has been carefully revised by her Majesty, who had it in hand six months, and also by Mr. Gladstone. Lord Aberdeen stipulated in his will that none of his papers should be used without Mr. Gladstone's consent. Among other subjects that of the Scotch Church is fully dealt with.

There is happily every reason to hope that the bad news about Mr. Stevenson's health is untrue. Several letters have been received from him lately, all written in high spirits, and full of details as to the work he is proceeding with and has in contemplation. Mr. Lloyd Osbourne, his stepson, has just sent over to this country a new story, on the title-page of which his name will stand alone.

The author of 'Gentleman Upcott's Daughter,' one of the most successful numbers of Mr. Fisher Unwin's excellent Pseudonym Library, is Mr. Walter Raymond, who issued last year a book under his own name, entitled 'Taken at his Word.' It was published in two volumes by Messrs. Bentley, and was favourably received. Mr. Raymond, who resides in Yeovil, has much important work on hand.

The author of the anonymous 'Sketches of Indian Life which have been appearing in *Macmillan*, and have been attributed by many to Rudyard Kipling, is Mr. T. A. Steele. Mr. Steele resides at Turriff, in Aberdeenshire. He has written some stories, understood to be of great merit, for the new illustrated weekly, the *Sketch*.

Mr. Edward Simms, who was for fifty-eight years organist of St. Michael's Church, Coventry, died at that city on January 15th, in the ninety-third year of his age. His musical career extended over a period of seventy-six years, and his most celebrated pupil was George Eliot, for whose perseverance and aptitude Mr. Simms had a warm admiration. The novelist has paid him a graceful compliment in 'Middlemarch,' where Rosamund Vincey's music master is described as "one of those excellent musicians here and there to be found in our provinces, worthy to compare with many a noted Kapellmeister in a country which offers more plentiful conditions of musical celebrity."

It will be found on February 6th, when the late Lord Tennyson's drama, "Becket," is produced at the Lyceum Theatre, that Mr. Irving has found it necessary to reduce it considerably in length, the drama as it now stands, in its present form, being far too lengthy a play for ordinary acting purposes.

Mr. Edwin Ellis, author together with Mr. W. B. Yeats of the voluminous interpretation of the mysticism of William Blake, just published by Mr. Quaritch, is the son of the late Alexander John Ellis, of the Royal, Philosophical, Mathematical, and a host of other societies, and inherits his father's passion for research.

Alexander Ellis spent the last years of his life in rediscovering and expounding the pronunciation of the ages of Chaucer and Shakespeare, whereas his son has devoted himself to plucking out the heart of Blake's mystery, but the passion for strange truths is the same. The object is different, that is all. The one man spent his life in amassing scientific fact, and the other devotes himself to those higher facts which are apprehended by the "enlarged and numerous senses" of the visionary and the poet alone, but both men have shown in their work the same patience, the same enthusiasm, the same passion for the very truth, for the white reality uncoloured of any pleasant delusion, and have sought to put it forth in the clearness of its own light, without thought of men's preconceptions and conventions. The intellectual bravery that made the father devote much of his life to unpopular causes and beliefs has led the son to explore the dark lanes of mysticism, and to wander in

the devious byways of spiritualism. Had he loved truth less and what men think to be truth more, he would not now be as he is, known merely to the narrow circle of his friends and admirers.

'Fate in Arcadia,' reviewed lately in THE BOOKMAN, is enough to give him considerable position as a poet, but must inevitably remain a mystery to the careless reader who goes to poetry for relaxation instead of exaltation, for it is full of subtle thought and subtle expression. Written mainly in Italy, where Mr. Ellis has spent many years, dividing his time between the occupations of a farmer, the study of old frescoes, and the writing of poems, it contains the mature result of prolonged thought and study. Most men publish their work before their personality is complete and their style formed, and live to regret that they have done so, but the author of 'Fate in Arcadia' has bided his time, and now springs full-armed upon us as did Minerva upon the world, if we may be forgiven the old simile. Not so far-fetched a simile either, when one remembers the intricate thought that marks out his book from among the lighter wares of the bulk of our new poets.

Mr. Ellis has now deserted Perugia, and is married and settled in London, pulling his manuscripts from their corners, and shaking the dust from his old poems, and getting new ones written.

We hear that the first edition of Q.'s 'Green Bays' has already been taken up by the trade, and that a second is now in the press. The book will not be published for some days.

Mr. Rudyard Kipling's recently published story, 'My Lord the Elephant,' was issued simultaneously in England, America, Australia, Canada, India, the Straits Settlements, on the Continent, in the English, in the Tauchnitz magazine, and in a German periodical.

Mr. Gilbert Parker is still in Canada collecting, we presume, further stories of 'Pretty Pierre' and his interesting companions. His new novel, entitled 'Mrs. Falchion,' will shortly be issued by Messrs. Methuen and Co.

Miss Honor Brooke, who has a paper on Burne-Jones in the last number of the *English Illustrated Magazine*, is not, as is generally supposed, the eldest danghter of the Rev. Stopford Brooke. There are two literary Miss Honor Brookes, an aunt and a niece, and the writer on Burne-Jones is Mr. Stopford Brooke's sister, and is a well-known leader in Dublin literary circles.

The editorship of the new art journal, the *Studio*, has been accepted by Mr. Gleeson White. Mr. Gleeson White is at present editing Messrs. Bell's new series of books on subjects interesting to bibliophiles, three of which have already appeared, 'English Book-Plates,' 'French Book-Plates,' and 'Holbein's Dance of Death,' and he is well known as a designer and littérateur.

Dr. A. Conan Doyle has just completed a new short story entitled 'The Green Flag.' It will probably first see the light in one of the American magazines.

Mr. Rudyard Kipling's 'Barrack-room Ballads' is now in the seventeenth thousand, and still continues selling as rapidly as ever.

Mr. Rudyard Kipling has written an article entitled 'Looking back at Boyhood' for the American *Youth's Companion*.

Mr. W. L. Alden's 'A Lost Soul' is about to be translated into the Danish language.

Mr. E. W. Hornung will probably alter the title of his new novel, shortly to be issued here by Messrs. Cassell and Co., from 'Another Australian' to 'The Squatter's Daughter.'

Baron Tauchnitz will, contrary to his usual custom, include in his edition of Sir John Lubbock's 'Beauties of Nature' nearly all the illustrations appearing in the English volume.

Messrs. Chatto and Windus will shortly publish Dr. George Macdonald's 'Heather and Snow,' at present running in the Glasgow *Weekly Mail*. Messrs. Harper and Bros. will publish simultaneously in America.

Mr. Grant Allen's 'Scallywag,' at present running serially in the *Graphic*, will be published in book-form in this country by Messrs. Chatto and Windus.

We understand the publishers of 'The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes' are just going to press with a new edition, which will not be less than 10,000 copies.

Mr. Arrowsmith will shortly issue a new edition of Dr. Doyle's 'The Great Shadow.' The volume, which will be issued at 3s. 6d., will also contain the same author's 'Beyond the City,' which appeared as the Christmas number of *Good Words* two years ago.

Mr. Bryan C. Waller's poem, 'Perseus with the Hesperides,' is about to be published by Messrs. Bell.

Messrs. Bentley will shortly issue a new and cheaper edition of the Hon. Mrs. Henniker's novel, 'Sir George.'

The *édition de luxe* of 'A Window in Thrums,' consisting of 550 copies, of which fifty were on Japanese paper, was almost immediately exhausted. Only twenty-eight copies were sold to America, the publishers having been unable to supply orders.

A superintendent of a society existing for the welfare of sailors, who was questioned as to the kind of books seafaring men prefer, said he would arrange their favourite books as follows: (1) Novels and light literature generally—which probably includes periodicals; (2) Astronomy and easy science; (3) Travel—not maritime; (4) Religious works.

The following copy of an export order, which is described as being "continually at hand from various parts of Africa," may strike some booksellers and readers in this country as rather remarkable:—Wesley's Hymns (invariably); Napoleon's Book of Fate; Imperial Dream Book; Cheap Novels of a light character; and Elementary Educational Works.

Welsh. After considerable delay, it is now definitely announced that the diplomatic reproduction of the *Liber Landavensis* will be ready for next St. David's Day. This will form the third volume in the series of Welsh Texts, edited by Prof. John Rhys and Mr. J. Gwenogvryn

Evans, and published at the University Press. The text is carefully reproduced from a 12th century MS.; and in the preface will be found an interesting record of the wanderings of this MS. The opinion is hazarded that the "part-author, part-compiler" is none other than Geoffrey of Monmouth. Several autotype facsimiles will be given, with a translation of the Welsh passages, and an elaborate index. The edition will be published in three forms, and the entire issue will be limited to 350 copies.

During the month the Rev. T. M. Jones, Penmachno, has published a volume of essays on the Periodical Literature of Wales, historical and critical. It is the first attempt to treat the subject exhaustively, and bears evidence of painstaking research.

Scotch. The autograph letters gathered by the late Dr. Charles Rogers were sold in Dowell's Rooms, Edinburgh, on the 19th January. The price secured was only £16 10s., but Dr. Rogers had parted with a great many of his letters.

A notable old bookseller has died in Edinburgh—Mr. Sinclair, of Bristo Port. He had been in business about forty years, was unmarried, and kept no assistant. He was found dead in his shop by a chance customer going in. Mr. Dobie's well-known shop on the Mound has also changed hands.

Dr. Metcalfe, whose appointment as Assessor to the Lord Rector of St. Andrews recently gave so much satisfaction, has completed the elaborate notes to the Scottish Legends of the Saints which he is preparing for the Scottish Text Society. The glossary will be of permanent value, as the legends contain many new words.

Mr. Gardner will issue the fourth and concluding volume of Campbell's 'Tales of the Western Highlands.' Complete sets of this standard collection of Celtic folk lore have long been difficult to obtain. Mr. Gardner's issue contains all the original illustrations.

Journalism. The first number of the new *Home Magazine* will appear in the early part of April next. The list of contributors to the first number is a peculiarly strong one, and the illustrations will, it is expected, quite equal the best work in the American magazines.

By-the-bye, we hear of no less than three new monthly magazines which are shortly to see the light under more or less favourable auspices.

There is no truth whatever in the story that the proprietors of the *Illustrated London News* contemplate a daily illustrated newspaper.

The *Sketch*, the new weekly paper to be issued from the *Illustrated News* office, will devote some attention to literature. A column will appear weekly, headed "The Literary Lounger," and important books will be noticed regularly, under the title "The Book and its Story."

Publishers. The controversy between Mr. Besant and the publishers is proceeding merrily in the *Athenæum*. There are two points in dispute: (1) Do publishers ever lose money on books? (2) Should their working expenses — rent, travellers, clerks, etc. — be reckoned before counting profits? As to the first, publishers are qualified to speak; they are the only persons qualified to speak, and so far as we know they have never spoken save in one way. As to the second, Mr. A. D. Innes puts the case thus: If Mr. Besant spent £150 in procuring materials for a book and sold it for £100, he would, according to his own principles, make £100 profit.

It is not necessary for us to interfere, for the present at least, by any pronouncement on the merits of the case. We think it, however, of the greatest possible importance to point out that neither the Authors' Society as such, nor any of the members, has the slightest responsibility for the statements made and the views advocated by Mr. Besant. Mr. Besant has an unfortunate and, we believe, unintentional method of writing which leads the public to believe that he is speaking for persons besides himself. The use of the term "we" in this connection is totally misleading. He does not speak for the Society, he does not speak for the Council of the Society, we do not even know that he speaks for the Committee, or for a single member of it.

The New York *Nation*, which still maintains its undisputed supremacy among the literary journals of the world, gives an American view of Mr. Besant's retirement from the chairmanship. In quoting it, it is fair to say that the members unanimously recognise the great zeal and goodwill with which Mr. Besant has endeavoured to advance their interests. The *Nation* says:—

"The annual general meeting of the Society of Authors in London is usually so uneventful and unimportant that it is scarce worth noting. But this year the fact that Mr. Besant resigned his chairmanship, and took advantage of the occasion to read a paper on the Society's career during its nine years' existence, gave the meeting unlooked-for interest. Naturally much regret has been expressed upon the retirement of Mr. Besant from the post he has held so long, but he considers it his duty, since outsiders, he thinks have persisted in identifying him too closely with every action of the Society. He has always worked in its interest with such enthusiasm that it seems a hard thing to say that his resignation promises to prove a gain rather than a loss.

"Mr. Besant is nothing if not an optimistic sentimentalist, and unfortunately sentiment is not the soundest basis for a business organization. He looks upon literature as a sort of fairyland, in which he, as the good fairy, with a wave of his wand would make every book published an inexhaustible gold mine. There are to-day, he says, 200,000,000 English-speaking people; in fifty years there will be 400,000,000, all wanting to read, and, moreover, all wanting to read only good literature.

"The people, he declares, care only for what is good; for an example of the truth of this, look at the unprecedented (in England) success of the *Strand Magazine*. Now, this is a publication which has sent up its circulation chiefly by publishing portraits at all ages of the notorieties of the day, and articles on the Queen's dolls or pages from her journal written in her own royal Hindustani—the devices of the cheapest journalism. When a man seriously points to such a periodical as a proof of the people's literary instincts, there is absolutely nothing to be said."

Booksellers. Some little idea of the enormous quantity of literature that is sold in the United States may be gathered from the fact that in one house alone they have machinery continually working, which is capable of printing, folding, stitching, covering, and cutting the edges of no less than 20,000 sets of a nine-volume edition of Dumas' works in one day.

A subject which has been much discussed during the past season by the booksellers in both town and country, is whether a publisher should advance the cost price of a book when the edition is almost exhausted, or, in the case of first editions, charge full published price for the remaining copies. The London bookseller contends that he, as a discount bookseller, must take the usual discount off the published price, and cannot ask more from his customer; while others maintain that if any advantage can be obtained through an unexpected demand, that the retail bookseller should get it: the published price, they affirm, has been advertised, and the public only know the book at that price, therefore under no circumstances should it be advanced or interfered with. In some cases the advancing of the cost price by the publisher may be detrimemental to the retail bookseller, but it appears hardly fair to the publisher, who has produced the book, that he should not be allowed to participate in any enhanced value that may accrue to such a work.

Continental. A writer in the *Revisita d'España* complains that literature is almost dead in Spain, the one name among Spanish men of letters known beyond his own country being Castelar. He sets himself to trace the causes of this, and finds in the first place that the best minds in Spain expend themselves on journalism, where they "pour themselves out in a very torrent of wit and satire and humour and knowledge," but they are not journalists by natural bent and choice. They have sought a place in the ranks of journalism as being the only refuge which Spain opens to their literary aspirations and their talents as writers.

The cause of the trouble lies deeper. The Spaniards and especially the Spanish Americans, prefer translations from the French. The consequence is that publishers, with no copyright to pay for and with pauper translators at their beck and call, issue the most popular works of French writers at an expense which is fatal to the hapless native author. Thus the public taste and the interest of the Spanish publisher conspire to crush the unfortunate author. The remedy advocated by the writer is protection, He would especially levy a heavy tax on the French novel, enough to make publishers think twice before giving a Spanish novel the go-by for a foreign article.

American. Hawthorne, as every one knows who has been at the pains of comparing his 'Note-books' with his novels, was in the habit of carefully transferring from real life many of the details of the scenes in which his characters are placed. More especially was this the case in 'Transformation,' and visitors to Italy will have had little difficulty in identifying the originals of many of the spots he describes under a different name. But it was not generally known that Hilda's tower was one of these borrowings from reality. The original is a corner house in the Via d'Orso, and the lamp is kept burning before the picture of the Virgin at the top of it to this day. The identification is vouched for by Miss Hosmer, the American sculptress, who knew Hawthorne well during his residence in Rome, and got it from his own lips.

Should Miss Hosmer's reminiscences ever come to be written, they ought to be peculiarly interesting, as she has been brought into contact with most of the literary and artistic celebrities of the last forty years. The Carlyles were among her intimate friends, and, in her opinion, they were a perfectly assorted couple, who were made for one another, and would have each been miserable with any other partner. With the Brownings, too, she was on intimate terms, and one of her most treasured possessions is a cast she took of the clasped hands of the poet and his wife, with their autographs each written upon the wrists.

Mr. Marion Crawford has been imparting himself liberally to the interviewer. He is reported to have said, among many other things:—"My relations with my publishers are perfectly satisfactory. I have none of the proverbial hatred of the writer for the publishing guild. No, my business arrangements are not on the royalty plan. Life is too short, and art is too long for mathematical calculations. The Macmillans pay me a lump sum for each of my novels before it is published, and I resign to them all rights.

"I'm going to deliver a speech before the Catholic union in Boston, before about 1,000 people, I believe, and I'm hard at work on it. They've paid me the compliment of asking me, and I'm much gratified. I'm a Catholic myself. I was converted when I was about twenty-three years old. I'm going to tell the Catholics what fine men the Irishmen are. My father, Thomas Crawford, was an Irishman, and my mother a New Englander of the old school. So you see I'm a queer combination."

NOTES AND QUERIES.

A NEW RUSKIN PAMPHLET.

Among the numerous readers of Mr. Ruskin's books, how many are there who consider, or remember, that—apart from the 'Painters, Stones, and Lamps'—the great majority of his works were first composed with a view to their delivery as lectures, and were in fact delivered as such by their writer himself? Many of these lectures were separately printed in pamphlet form at the time of their production, and among such brochures may be found numbers of those "rarities" which are the despair of the bibliographer, but which serve to stimulate the collector, and to make glad their possessor's heart. One of these rarities has recently come to light, and that among the scarcest and most interesting of them all.

On December 14th, 1864, Mr. Ruskin was in Manchester, where he delivered—at the Town Hall, King Street—a lecture in aid of the fund for opening and fitting up additional schools at St. Andrews, Ancoats, a densely inhabited part of the town. The subject of this lecture was announced as 'The Queen's Gardens.' Under this title it was delivered, and under this title it was duly reported in the *Manchester Courier* of December 16th; but, so far as has been generally known, the full text was not published until the following July, when the lecture took its place (under the amended title 'Of Queens' Gardens') as the second portion of 'Sesame and Lilies.' Recently, however, the editor of the new 'Ruskin Bibliography' has had placed in his hands tangible evidence of the existence of this

Presented with THE BOOKMAN, *February*, 1893.

From Etchings by W. B. Hole, R.S.A., in édition de luxe of 'A Window in Thrums.'

HENDRY.

"In all Thrums," Jess told me, and I know it to be true, "there's no a better man than Hendry."

JESS.

"To Jess, at her window always when she was not in bed, things happy and mournful and terrible came into view."

lecture, like so many of its fellows, in separate pamphlet form —a copy of this issue having in fact been brought to light. It proves upon examination to be of peculiar interest, and to contain points which give it a distinct critical and bibliographical value such as cannot be placed upon other prints of a like nature, whose only claim for regard is the dilettante one of rarity.

The pamphlet is in octavo, printed in bold type, upon good paper; and, according to the evidence of the title-page, was issued (or intended for issue) in further support of the St. Andrew's Schools Fund—the object for which the lecture itself had been delivered. It consists of a title-page and seventeen pages of text, the imprint ("Manchester: R. Charleston and Sons, Ardwick Green") being placed at the foot of the last page, and seems to have been stitched up without wrappers. The following is a transcript of the title-page:—

THE

QUEEN'S GARDENS.

A LECTURE

DELIVERED AT THE TOWN HALL, MANCHESTER,

On Wednesday, December 14, 1864.

BY

JOHN RUSKIN, M.A.

MANCHESTER:

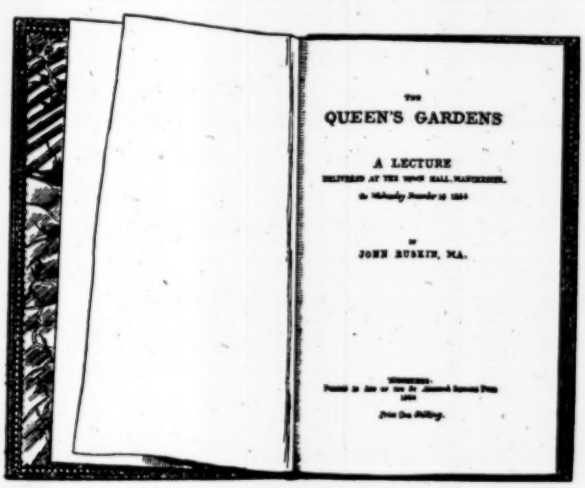
PRINTED IN AID OF THE ST. ANDREW'S SCHOOLS FUND.

1864.

Price One Shilling.

The text varies very considerably from that contained in 'Sesame and Lilies,' and may be taken to be the text of the lecture as it was actually delivered. It is this that lends unusual interest to the slender volume, and causes its recovery to be a matter for mutual congratulation by the student and the bibliographer. It displays the great care bestowed by Mr. Ruskin upon one portion at least of 'Sesame and Lilies,' and gives an insight into the endless labour he expended in the elaboration of this the most popular of his books. The most cursory glance suffices to discover revisions upon every page, but only by a close comparison of texts can it be ascertained how systematic and minute these revisions are—every change a certain improvement, and calculated to enhance the force, the vigour, and the beauty of the prose. Doubtless 'Kings' Treasuries' (delivered as a lecture, with the title 'King's Treasures: What to Read and How to Read it') also received an equal share of loving and earnest attention.

How many copies of 'The Queen's Gardens' were printed, or how many are extant to-day, cannot possibly now be ascertained. Probably its original circulation was purely local; possibly it may not have been "published" at all in the technical sense of the term. Certain it is that


THE
QUEEN'S GARDENS
A LECTURE
JOHN RUSKIN, M.A.

the pamphlet is now of the extremest scarcity, and must be accounted as one of the most uncommon of Mr. Ruskin's separate pieces. Unique of course it is not, though the owner may for the present please himself by thinking so. Doubtless other examples will sooner or later be brought to light; but it cannot in any case with reason be expected that many were cherished in the City of Cotton Goods—popular as Mr. Ruskin has always been in Manchester—when the local fame of the lecture had blown over, or that any large proportion of the few so preserved for a time will have escaped the special risks and dangers of destruction to which these thin coverless things are always exposed.

The "cut" here given will afford some notion of the general appearance of the book. W.

ANSWER (Authors Wanted, p. 114).

'Crockford House' and 'A Rhymer in Rome' are by Henry Luttrell, who also wrote 'Letters to Julia.' He is referred to by Samuel Rogers'—'Table Talk,' p. 276 (2nd edition, p. 278)—who says: "Everything he has written is very clever." ROBT. GUY, *Pollokshaws.*

THE READER.

MR. RUSKIN'S NEW LETTERS.

'STRAY Letters from Professor Ruskin to a London Bibliopole' is the title of a small book of 102 pages which has recently been printed, in a limited edition, for private circulation only. This form of publication is certainly the most suitable way of presenting a private correspondence. Those few for whom the dainty little volume has been prepared will appreciate its contents as serving to throw fresh light upon Mr. Ruskin's life and character, and their respect for the Master of St. George will be increased by this further evidence of his generous and kindly considerate nature; while the general public will not have the opportunity of comparing unsympathetically the hasty remarks of a great author with the words written for them, and by which he wishes to be known.

The book contains forty-two letters written by Mr. Ruskin to Mr. F. S. Ellis between the years 1870 and 1886. The first few are merely business communications—commissions for the purchase of books; but as the correspondence continues other objects are introduced, and the letters increase in interest. For example: writing from Rome in June, 1874, Mr. Ruskin gives his opinion of French novels, of which he was a great reader:—

"I have been taking a course of Emile Gaboriau to acquaint myself with modern Paris: he seems to me to have a wonderful knowledge of the town and its evils. As specimens of its average middle-class literature, these novels—generally beginning with a murder, and having some form of theft, or delicate form of adultery, for principal subject—all through are highly curious. But from all I see and read we are advancing faster to revolutions, and miseries of the horriblest kind, than I ever dreamed; and I have not taken a cheerful view of matters this many a day. This Italy is in an unspeakably fearful and perilous state."

Then we come to an interesting correspondence concerning the publication of Mr. Ruskin's 'Notes on the Principal Pictures in the Royal Academy' of 1875. This pamphlet was published jointly by Messrs. Ellis and White and Mr. George Allen, Mr. Ruskin's own publisher:—

"*Such* a bother as the thing has been to me; one can't see the pictures for the crowd, and I miss some, and overrate others, again and again. But there's a nice spicy

flavour in it now, I think—as a whole—quite a 'loving cup' for the Academy. I get my full revise to-morrow, and send for press on Monday. You will have all you want sent you on the same terms as Allen, and please offer it in any way you think best to the other booksellers, and to the public—only don't advertise in newspapers."

As an example of the general character of the later letters, we quote one in full. Mr. Ruskin writes from Brantwood, on May 7th, 1878, shortly after his recovery from his first severe mind-illness:—

"MY DEAR ELLIS,—

"I do not doubt your being pleased to hear, from myself, that I have once more dodged the doctors; and hope, henceforward, with Heaven's help, to keep them out of the house,—at least till I lose my wits again. I'm picking them up at present, here and there, like the cock with the pomegranate grains in the 'Arabian Nights'; which I find just now my best 'entertainments' after the spring flowers. These last have had no 'doctoring' in my wood; and grow—and do—as they like exactly; which I perceive to be the intention of Providence that they—and I—*should*, and propose to follow their good example as I best can. Above all, never to write any business letters,—except when I want to buy books, or missals! You haven't anything in that way, have you, to tell me of?

"At any rate, will you please at once set your Paris agents to look out for all the copies that come up, at any sale, of Rousseau's 'Botanique' with coloured plates, 1805—and buy all they can get; which, on receiving (if ever a kind *Fors* sends some) you will please forward to Allen's forthwith, to be kept in store for a St. George's Guild schoolbook.

"I'm not allowed to write letters by Joan* yet!—but shall coax her to let this one go now it's written; and am ever

"Affectionately yours,

"J. RUSKIN.

"Mind, this order for Rousseau is quite serious. I am working on 'Proserpina' steadily, and that edition is out and out the best elementary botany existing."

In 1881 the manuscripts of Sir Walter Scott's 'Guy Mannering' and 'St. Ronan's Well' were sold by auction. Mr. Ruskin was very anxious to possess these, and gave his friend instructions to buy them; but Mr. Ellis, thinking the manuscripts had reached too high a figure, allowed himself to be out-bidden. Mr. Ruskin playfully professed to be "speechless with indignation since you let go that 'Guy Mannering' MS.", and queried:—

"What on Earth do you go missing chance after chance like that for? I'd rather have lost a catch at cricket than that 'St. Ronan's.' Do *please* get it anyhow for me this once."

Again he wrote:—

"Seriously, my dear Ellis, I do want you to secure every Scott manuscript that comes into the market. *Carte blanche* as to price—*I* can trust *your* honour; and you may trust, believe me, *my* solvency. But I am deeply grateful for the more than kind feeling which checks you in your bids. Go calmly, but unflinchingly, in next time—and never fear, for Ever your loving Son GEORGE."

* Mrs. Arthur Severn.

And again later:

"I'm well through it ['a nasty attack of overwork illness'] I hope; but the 'St. Ronan's Well' MS. will be a wonderful balsam to my wounded soul, and more or less broken head. Send it on instantly, if you've got it. Of course I can trust my good old papa Ellis about price, etc."

Why Mr. Ruskin was so anxious to acquire these Scott MSS., the following letter will shew:—

"BRANTWOOD,
"CONISTON, LANCASHIRE.
"*Thursday, March 24th*, 1881.

"DEAR PAPA* ELLIS,

"Your telegram last night gave me pleasant sleep; and your letter this morning, eager anticipation of the parcel by this afternoon's rail. There will be no question about my keeping the MS.,—but my reason for especially wishing to possess this one, is widely other than you suppose.

"I cannot but confess myself much mortified that (whether as my papa, or my—may I say—admirer? in literary effort) Papa Ellis should never have read my classification of Scott's novels in my essays on 'Fiction' in the *Nineteenth Century*.

"You will there see that 'St. Ronan's Well' is marked as pre-eminently characteristic of the condition of clouded and perverted intellect under which Scott suffered, at intervals, ever since his first attack of gout in the stomach. These two attacks of *mine* have been wholly on the brain—and, I believe, conditions merely of passing inflammation. But the phenomena of the two forms of disease are intensely important to me, in relation to my future treatment of myself.

"I am buying Scott's and other manuscripts, observe now, for my future Museum; and shall without hesitation add to the Scott series when any addition is possible.

'Ever gratefully and
"affectionately yours,
"J. RUSKIN."

Evidently Mr. Ruskin had expected that his friend would have read the essays upon "Fiction Fair and Foul," with their classification of Scott's novels, and have learned from them why he so coveted the MS. of 'St. Ronan's Well.' Consequently in the succeeding letter Mr. Ellis received another kindly rebuke:

"Yes, I *was mortified—deathified*—by your never having seen those Scott letters! I thought everybody read the *Nineteenth Century*, and that these papers on 'Fiction' would be matter of gossip all over Town! Such my vanity! and I haven't heard a word of them from any human soul!

"Ever your affectionate (but much crushed),

"J. R."

It was well worth while to preserve the series of letters contained in this volume, and the editor is to be congratulated upon having obtained the necessary authority to print them. Many are the friends to whom their perusal will prove a source of pleasure.

* This appellative originated from a remonstrance Mr. Ellis had addressed to Mr. Ruskin, on his declared intention of denuding himself of his entire fortune and property—an intention which appeared to be perfectly serious.

GEORGE BORROW, ETC.*

"'Belle,' said I, 'I have determined to commence the course of Armenian lessons by teaching you the numerals; but before I do that, it will be as well to tell you that the Armenian language is called 'Haik.' 'I am sure that word will hang upon my memory,' said Belle. 'Why hang upon it?' said I. 'Because the old woman in the great house used to call so the chimney-hook, on which they hang the kettle; in like manner on the hake of my memory I will hang your hake.'"

THE passage—familiar, of course, to every Borrovian—was suggested by Dr. Hake's Memoirs, a book I have just finished reading. It is, on the whole, a disappointing work to have come from the friend of Borrow and Rossetti. Of the former, especially, one looked to learn something new: he is dismissed in six pages, four of which had best been omitted. Borrow was not the foul-tongued churl he is there depicted; that we know from Mr. Theodore Watts's delightful reminiscences of him (when will they be reprinted?), and from those, moreover, of Dr. Hake's own son. And I know it from having thrice met the man. Yes, on this slender hake—it is here the quotation comes in—I will hang my own slight reminiscences of Borrow and of some of his friends, the Gypsies. The first time I ever saw him was at Ascot, the Wednesday evening of the Cup week in, I think, the year 1872. I was stopping at a wayside inn, half-a-mile on the Windsor road, just opposite which inn there was a great encampment of Gypsies. One of their lads had on the Tuesday affronted a soldier; so two or three hundred redcoats came over from Windsor, intending to wreck the camp. There was a babel of cursing and screaming, much brandishing of belts and tent-rods, when suddenly an arbiter appeared, a white-haired, brown-eyed, calm Colossus, speaking Romany fluently, and drinking deep draughts of ale—in quarter of an hour Tommy Atkins and Anselo Stanley were sworn friends over a loving-quart. "Mr. Burroughs," said one of the Gypsies (it is the name by which Gypsies still speak of him), and I knew that at last I had met him whom of all men I most wished to meet. Matty Cooper, the "celebrated Windsor Frog" (*vide* Leland), presented me as "a young gentleman, *Rya*, a scholard from Oxford;" and "H'm," quoth Colossus, "a good many fools come from Oxford." It was a bad beginning, but it ended well, by his asking me to walk with him to the station, and on the way inviting me to call on him in London. I did so, but not until nearly a twelvemonth afterwards, when I found him in Hereford Square, and when he set strong ale before me, as again on the occasion of my third and last meeting with him in the tent of our common acquaintance, Shadrach Herne, at the Potteries, Notting Hill. Both these times we had much talk together, but I remember only that it was partly about East Anglia, and more about "things of Egypt." Conversations twenty years old are easy to imagine, hard to reproduce. A poet has lately given us his talks with Wordsworth, who in one of them recalls his emotions when first he saw

> "The swan on still St. Mary's Lake
> Float double, swan and shadow."

Very good Mr. Aubrey de Vere, but that swan occurs in the "Yarrow *unvisited*."

Probably Borrow asked me the Romany for "frying-pan," and I modestly answered, "Either *maasalli* or *tasseromengri*" (this is password No. 1); and then I may have asked him the Romany for "brick," to which he will have answered, that "there is no such word" (this is No. 2) But one thing I do remember, that he was frank and kindly, interesting and interested; I was only a lad, and he was verging on seventy. I could tell him about a few "travellers" whom he had not recently seen—Charlie Pinfold, the hoary polygamist, Plato and Mantis Buckland, Cinderella Petulengro, and old Tom Oliver ("Ha! so he has seen Tom Oliver," I seem to remember that). And I told him, I know, of a recent rencontre at Scarborough. I was going out to a picnic, and was walking on the Esplanade, waiting for the carriages, and smoking a cigar, when I saw an old knife-grinder, grinding away at a pair of scissors. I had a good look at him as I sauntered past, and then I turned again, and had a better look. He certainly *was* a Gypsy. So, "*Shar shan, bor?*" (How d'ye do, mate?) I said to him. He dropped the scissors, crying, "Lord bless us all, and I thought you was a gentleman. How de do, boy?" And then we fell into discourse.

It is such rencontres and certain stray Gypsy sayings that most charm your "Romany Rye," or amateur Gypsy. Sayings such as this by Lazarus Petulengro, a Gypsy well-known to Borrow: "There's two class o' Gypsies; and us, the better class, is high-minded, upstart, consequential people." Or this, lamenting the effects of a late illness: "My people ain't confidous in me, what they used to. I tell 'em they're like the Children of Israel at the building of the Tower of Babylon" (he looked at me hard to see if I duly appreciated this Biblical lore)—"that time, I means, when they had the gift o' tongues give them." One of his daughters said to me of this same Lazarus: "My father have growed that Westerious lately—you knowed old Wester, didn't you, Mr. G———?" by Wester meaning Sylvester Boswell, the "well-known and populated" Gypsy of Messrs. Bath, Smart and Crofton, and of my own book, 'In Gypsy Tents.' It is easy laughing at these Gypsy utterances; but I would never record them did I think they would come back to either father or daughter, for both of whom I have an unfeigned liking. She, pretty Synfi Petulengro, told me simply and unaffectedly, not seeing there was anything in it, a story of such heroism and devotion, on her own and her mother's part, as scarce may be matched even by Charles Lamb's tenderness to his sister Mary. Five or six years ago Mr. Petulengro showed signs of derangement; his wife and daughter called in several doctors, and one and all declared that he must be placed in an asylum, that he was not safe, but any night might rise up out of his sleep and kill them. "So," said Synfi, "me and mother we talked it over, and we said, 'It'll be better for him to kill us than for us to kill him, as we should if we put him in the 'sylum.' So we didn't have no more doctors, but just tended him ourselves, and now, thank the Lord, he's as right as ever he was. But many's the night, Rya, I've laid awake trembling."

There is more of etc. than of Borrow in this paper; I will end it by telling a scene which I could wish to have been able to tell to Borrow. Ten years ago come May a letter reached me in Edinburgh from old Lementina Lovell. There is never very much in Gypsies' letters beyond loves

* G. Hake. 'Memorials of Eighty Years.' 15s. (Bentley.)

and greetings, and such-like. This letter was no exception; it ended thus: "Lancelot [her youngest son] sends his duty, and would take it very kind in you to look in if so be as you are round this way, for he is dying." As luck would have it, I had nothing just then to keep me, and was wanting a holiday; so I started that night for Herefordshire. Next morning, exactly at sunrise, I reached the little roadside station, from which I had twelve miles to walk to the Lovells' encampment. It was a delicate clear morning, sweet with the scent of hawthorn and hyacinth. I walked with the note of my first cuckoo on the right hand (sure omen of coming good), walked down into the valley where lies the sleepy little town of Clun, and up out of the valley on to the hills which separate England from Wales, and on which, as I knew, the Lovells were encamped. At the camp I found a multitude of Gypsies, for all Lancelot's brothers and sisters, with their wives, and husbands, and children had gathered from every airt to see him go. All through that day they kept coming, the last the great-grandmother, a little old, old woman, who had journeyed a hundred miles. She came into the tent where Lancelot lay, sat down on the earth, and, covering her head with her mantle, said, "*Kino shom, chawollé*" (Little children, I am weary). And all that day lay Lancelot, dreamy, but conscious, wholly free from pain. Towards evening he said to his elder brother, Pyramus, "Play to me."

How well I remember the scene.

The tents were pitched upon the western hill-slope. Beside them ran Offa's Dike, reared centuries before to keep out the Welsh marauders; the silver Teme flowed beneath; and beyond stretched the beautiful Welsh country, all shimmering through the soft blue wood-smoke of the fire that smouldered outside. Some sat within the tent, but more on the turf without—the children awestruck, puzzled. The sinking sun slanted through the tent-opening, and lighted up Lancelot's face, which was lighted up, too, by happy recollections. For Pyramus, the cunning fiddler, was playing the dear old Welsh melodies. First, the "March of the Men of Harlech," and then from its stirring tones he slid imperceptibly into the tender "Shepherd of Snowdon." And as he played he wept, the big, strong man. "Play that again, my Pyramus," said Lancelot. And Pyramus did play it again, but not quite to the end, for, as the last bar opened, Lancelot died. Then there was lamentation in the tents of Egypt.

FRANCIS HINDES GROOME.

THE NEW BLAKE.

THE edition of Blake's works just produced by Mr. Quaritch is not merely an enlargement or revision of previous productions, but the commencement of an entirely new departure. The so-called "Prophetic Books," which have been a stumbling-block in literature for a long time, are presented complete, and not in the form of picturesque extracts. They are arranged systematically as correlated portions of a coherent and systematic scheme of work. Their story is explained, their symbolism reduced to terms of ordinary speech, and the personages of their myth—the gods of their Homeric Olympus—elaborately classified.

The result is that the nightmare of Blake's utterances—for they have certainly been nothing less to every one but the original author—is relieved of its confusion, and thus of its chief source of oppressive horror. The question of Blake's sanity ceases to be a matter of opinion, and becomes merely a question of information. Instead of asking people what they think about Blake, it will now be possible to inquire what they know about him.

Blake's place, according to Messrs. Ellis and Yeats—the editors of the new volumes, and authors of the commentary and explanation—is that of the greatest poetic mystic of the Western world. Whether this is so the general reader is now in a position to judge for himself.

The first volume of the new work contains a Memoir chiefly composed of hitherto unpublished matter—letters and marginal notes by Blake, anecdotes from Tatham's manuscript, and so forth. The main incidents from the previous biographies are reproduced in a condensed form. The fact that Blake's name was properly not Blake at all will come as a surprise to readers of the earlier biographies. He was the son of James O'Neil, son of John O'Neil, an Irish gentleman who, during a period of adversity, married a certain Ellen Blake, and took her name after the birth of his son James, who, following his father's example, took the same name himself. Tradition, in the existing members of the Blake family descended from this marriage, does not connect James, the father of William Blake, with Ellen. His mother is not known. There is no information to be had at present even on the question of his legitimacy.

After the Memoir, a section is devoted to the literary period of Blake's life, before he began his career as a mystic. In this connection a long account with very copious extracts is given from a hitherto unpublished manuscript. The subject of this is the society Blake used to meet in the house of the Rev. Mr. Matthews, where he first sang his own 'Songs of Innocence.' It is playful in tone, and seems to have been abandoned lest it should hurt the feelings of the good people at whom its satire was aimed. It contains one poem, dramatically assigned to a Lawgiver (who is not named), which has a robust and genially prosaic tone, such as few readers would be prepared to find assumed by Blake even for purposes of characterisation. Its picture of a past time makes it worth quoting.

"This city and this country has brought forth many Mayors
To sit in state and give forth Laws out of their old oak chairs,
With face as brown as any nut with drinking of strong ale—
Old English hospitality, O then it did not fail.

With scarlet gown and broad gold lace, would make a yeoman sweat,
With stockings rolled above their knees, and shoes as black as jet,
With eating bread and drinking beer, O they were stout and hale—
Old English hospitality, O then it did not fail.

Thus sitting at the table wide the Mayor and Aldermen
Were fit to give laws to the city; each eat as much as ten.
The hungry poor entered the hall to eat good beef and ale—
Good English hospitality, O then it did not fail."

The celebrated "MS." book which was used by the editors of the collection of short poems given with Gilchrist's biography is published and analysed from end to end. Some of the best poems, such as that usually called 'Broken Love,' are given in Blake's own last text and order for the first time, and the remarkable fragment called 'The Everlasting Gospel' is given entire. Even the conflicting readings and the less presentable lines that were silently omitted in the professedly complete publication of it in the Aldine edition, are conscientiously included.

After the Literary Period, half a volume is devoted to a general account of Blake's Symbolic System, which includes charts and lists of his mythic characters, and biographies, if the expression be permissible, of the more important among them. Minor myths are extracted from fragmentary allusions in the various Prophetic Books, and brought into readable compass as secondary symbolic stories. References to page and line and book continually occur, and a serious intention on the part of the reader to master Blake's writings by the aid of this key is assumed throughout.

In the second volume the great enigma is closed and grappled with in all its leading difficulties. First the minor poems and songs, then the lesser symbolic books—'The Marriage of Heaven and Hell,' 'Tiriel,' 'Thel,' 'The Visions of the Daughters of Albion,' 'The Book of Los,' 'Urizen,' 'The Song of Los' (divided into 'Africa' and 'Asia'), the books called 'Europe' and 'America,' and finally the two greatest, 'Jerusalem' and 'Milton,' are treated to a continuous explanation that interprets every page, and almost every line.

The book of Vala is more briefly treated, as its analysis is given under the head of 'Los,' or 'Urthona' among the 'Stories of the Zoas' in another section.

This poem occupies the most important position in the third volume, where all the rest are given at full length, the text of most being in fac-simile from Blake's own plates, accompanied with lithographs of his wonderful coloured illustrations.

Of 'Vala' only a few pages are thus reproduced, the MS. being practically illegible in this form. The whole poem is printed in ordinary type, the metrical errors and oversights, which are numerous, corrected by the editors, who in a series of notes indicate each alteration, so that the reader who desires to do so may restore the original in all its irregularity. This poem, which occupies nearly a hundred and forty pages, is undoubtedly Blake's masterpiece. It has lain, an unsorted mass of loose sheets, in the portfolios of the Linnell family for over half a century, because no one could discover the order of the pages In subject it includes, and as it were surrounds, the myths of all the prophetic books, but is distinguished by its sustained and musical quality of verse, and its readableness, which will not be lost even on those who have an imperfect understanding of its symbolic intention.

But Blake was, in his own eyes, mainly a philosophic and social reformer. Some account of his peculiar doctrines will be given in one or two articles with which it is arranged that the present description of the first interpretative edition on his works shall be followed. E. J. E.

JAMES HANNAY.

Hannay's early career and characteristics—He contributes to the comic press and to naval literature—His sketches of the London Bohemians, his associates—"Blood and Culture" his watchword—Becomes intimate with Thackeray and Carlyle—Edits and annotates for Thackeray the lectures on the English Humourists—Anecdote of Thackeray—Hannay's first meeting with Carlyle, and vindication of him against Blackwood's Magazine—*The* Illustrated Times, *Edmund Yates and Society Journalism—Hannay's contributions to the* I. T.—*His intimacy with its sub-editors, John George Edgar and Frederick Greenwood—Becomes editor of the* Edinburgh Courant.

ONE of the cleverest and brightest of the many Scotchmen who during the last fifty years have gained distinction in authorship, James Hannay was only nineteen when, leaving the navy, or the navy leaving him, he flung himself into London journalism and literature. His were wit and scholarship in abundance; he had read far and wide in English literature and among the classics of the world. During five years spent as a midshipman he had enjoyed ample leisure for self-culture, which he turned to good account, making up for any early deficiencies by a great deal of hard reading at the British Museum, or, as he called it, "the Mus." Very useful to him at his start, too, was the knowledge of men and things naval, and of many-coloured life on the shores of the Mediterranean, which he acquired in the service of Her Majesty, passing as he did from vessel to vessel. He had a quick eye for character and great talent for sketching it, vivid sympathies and also vivid antipathies. Captain Marryat never pourtrayed a naval commander so happily as Hannay did when with a stroke of his pen he described in one of his novels (Admiral) "Charley" Napier as "Benbow with a dash of Grimaldi." He threw off numerous sketches of life on shipboard, which being out of the common run were acceptable to the editors of the comic periodicals of the day. From time to time he collected and republished them in little volumes, the titles of some of which, 'Biscuits and Grog' for instance, smacked pleasantly of the sea. For his pungent wit and mordant satire there was generally a market. It was the hey-day of facetious literature of every kind—springing out of the success of *Punch*—from jocular halfpenny journalism to Comic Histories of England, so that a grim humourist of the old school was heard to put the question, "When then are we to have a Comic Bible?" In an article which late in his life he contributed to the *Cornhill*, "Bohemia and the Bohemians," and in his unfinished novel, 'Bagot's Youth,' which appeared in the short-lived *Id'er*, started by Mr. Edward Wilberforce some five-and-thirty years since, Hannay sketched several of those joyous though generally impecunious companions of his early days of authorship, their jovial tavern life, with its flashes of merriment, their feasting alternating with fasting, their shifts for raising the wind, their occasional capture of a capitalist to be lured into floating a new journal when an old one had died of inanition. Hannay was the wittiest and not the least convivial of the band. They are almost all of them gone, those jesters of forty and forty-five years ago, who spent faster

than they earned, and lived gaily from hand to mouth. As Hannay rather touchingly wrote of them in his account of that Bohemia which he knew so well: "The worst of these clever and pleasant fellows is (and the cleverer they are the harder it often goes with them) that they have a way of dying off as they draw towards forty. They may see people under the table, but people get their revenge by seeing them under the sod." Hannay himself died when he was only forty-seven. He and his co-mates of those days have left no successors. The Bohemia in which they disported themselves was annexed long ago by the great Empire of Respectability.

Not merely as a wit, but as a scholar and a feudalist, Hannay looked, like Saul the son of Kish, taller from the shoulders upward than his brethren of the comic pen. Nor was he content with his natural altitude, but loved to mount, metaphorically of course, on the table, and sounding many a flourish of trumpets unfold the banner with the strange device, "Blood and Culture." Hannay's own pretensions to "blood" were founded mainly on his connection with the Hannays of Sorbie, a Scottish family, of whose existence past or present I never found any one cognizant but himself. A more notable claim of the kind was that among his ancestors, he said, was the Dean Hannay whose reading of Laud's Scottish liturgy in the High Church of Edinburgh provoked Jenny Geddes to fling at his head the memorable stool, the flight of which through the air preluded the great English revolution of the seventeenth century. However this may have been, Hannay's admiration for the "claims of long descent" became for him a sort of religion. It led him to master the intricacies of heraldry, and so much of the genealogies and history of really old English families, that he could have passed an examination in Dugdale's Baronage, which comes down no later than the reign of Charles the Second. Hannay might have applied to himself, *mutatis mutandis*, what he wrote of one of his friends whose feudal tastes resembled his own: "The ordinary Cockney witling looked with astonishment on a man who was as familiar with Matthew Paris and Froissart and the Paston letters as he himself with Dumas or Dickens, and who had a veneration for the Houses of Home and Stanley which the Cockney rarely retains for his grandfather and grandmother." Bracketed with "Blood" in Hannay's estimation was "Culture," by which he meant chiefly classical scholarship. Most admirable of all was the union of both "Blood and Culture," and, in Hannay's eyes, was not that union consummated in the person of the late Earl of Derby, whose ancestor, the first Earl, turned the scale against Richard Crookback on Bosworth Field, while he himself translated the Iliad into English verse?

Of course it was not by such peculiarities, however interesting, but by his wit, intellectual insight, thoughtfulness, and depth of feeling, evidences of which were scattered broadcast even in his earlier writings, that Hannay attracted the attention and procured the regard of such of his seniors as Thackeray and Carlyle, the two of his contemporaries among men of letters whom he most admired. Thackeray came to have such confidence in him that when about to pay his first visit to America he gave Hannay the MS. of his Lectures on the Humourists to edit and annotate in his absence. "*Tant soit peu*," Hannay told me, was Thackeray's monition to him in regard to the annotations, which were excellently done and with due regard to Thackeray's wish for brevity. It was Hannay who congratulated Thackeray on that exquisite touch, in 'Vanity Fair,' of Becky described as admiring her husband while he is chastising her admirer, Lord Steyne, and it was that congratulation which drew from Thackeray the often quoted and misquoted response, "Well! when I wrote that sentence I slapped my fist on the table, and said, '*that* is a stroke of genius!'" Carlyle was much struck by the varied talent displayed in Hannay's first novel, 'Singleton Fontenoy, R.N.,' certainly a very remarkable book to have been written by a young man of twenty-three. He asked Hannay to call on him. Hannay told me that he was rather startled when, as soon as he was seated, Carlyle launched out into praises of the life of a sailor, "battling with the winds and waves," and characteristically half-reproached his young visitor with quitting the navy to betake himself to such a trade as literature. Afterwards Hannay completely won Carlyle's heart (though I don't think that they ever saw much of each other) by a defence of him and of the 'Latter Day Pamphlets' from an attack made on both, and attributed to Sir Archibald Alison, in a ponderous article in *Blackwood's Magazine*. In "Blackwood *versus* Carlyle, a Vindication by a Carlylian," dedicated to Emerson, there was, among other striking things, an assertion of the value of the thinker to society as being much greater than that of the so-called "practical man," which may still be glanced at with profit and pleasure.

Two or three years more and Hannay had become so well known to fame that he found a pretty numerous audience, of more than the average intelligence, listening to the series of lectures on "Satire and Satirists" which he delivered in the Portman Square Rooms. The satirists dealt with ranged from Horace and Juvenal to Byron and Moore, and in the following year the lectures were published in volume-form. It was on the whole a brilliant book, and specially interesting to some from the proofs given in the lecture on Horace and Juvenal that Hannay was fitted to grapple with a most desirable literary enterprise, which even now has been scarcely attempted in England, that of bringing before us as real, living, breathing, flesh and blood men several at least of those great Roman writers with whom from Catullus to Tacitus, above all with Cicero, Hannay had long been familiar.

The year after the publication of 'Satire and Satirists,' my previously slight acquaintance with Hannay ripened into intimacy on the establishment of a clever but long extinct little paper, the *Illustrated Times*. The story of that journal has been told by Mr. Edmund Yates in his 'Reminiscences,' where he avers, no doubt correctly, that as "The Lounger at the Clubs" of the *Illustrated Times*, he sowed the seed from which has sprung the tree of Society Journalism, a tree flourishing and wide-spreading, but one under whose branches nothing beautiful or useful can grow. Hannay was among its contributors (*quorum pars* parva *fui*); indeed, he was its chief political writer. One of the sub-editors was John George Edgar, Hannay's contrast of whom with the "witlings" of the comic press of London was quoted pre-

viously. Edgar wrote some fifteen volumes of history and biography for boys, which breathed a most chivalrous spirit. They had a very large circulation both here and in the United States. Edgar was in all respects an original, and became a friend of mine as well as of Hannay. A Berwickshire man, he loved to call himself "a poor Scottish gentleman," and claimed kinsmanship with some noble Border family. For Edgar, the Feudal Baron was the ideal type of manhood. I remember him coming to me in a state of some excitement, and confiding to me as a profound secret his mournful discovery that his beloved Barons had been in the wrong in their struggle for Magna Charta! Many were the carouses which came out of the *I. T.*, as Hannay always called it, and in them Edgar played his part not wisely but too well. He died at thirty; peace be to his ashes! A sub-editorial colleague of Edgar's for a time was the now well-known Mr. Frederick Greenwood. With him Hannay formed an intimacy which had an important effect on Hannay's later career. But I am now approaching the appointment of Hannay to be editor of the *Edinburgh Courant*, and what led up to it. His Edinburgh editorship, forming as it did a very curious episode both in his biography and in the history of Scottish journalism, must be reserved for another chapter. Φ

RECOLLECTIONS OF LEWIS CARROLL.

THERE can scarcely be a well-regulated family of English-speaking children to whom the Alice of Wonderland and Looking-glass renown is not a household friend. But though she may, in one sense, belong to the children of the present day, she is a still more intimate connection of those who twenty years or so ago followed the pages of her adventures while yet fresh from the printer; of those in whose memories the songs of the "Walrus and the Carpenter," of the White Knight, of Humpty Dumpty, and all the other ditties which add so much to the charm of the narration, have become as classic as their schoolroom-learnt speeches from Shakespeare's plays. And above all, it is those who were children in Oxford at that particular period who may justly claim the monopoly of 'Alice.' For they were not only fervent admirers of Lewis Carroll (as he is known to the reading public), like their less favoured contemporaries, but also they were Mr. Dodgson's personal and privileged friends. It was in their midst that the adventures of 'Alice' were actually conceived and written, it was to them that the presentation copies were given by the author, and to one of them that the actual dedication of 'Alice' was addressed.

Twenty years ago Rev. Charles Lutwidge Dodgson was, as at the present day, a Fellow and mathematical tutor of Christ Church College, and the daughters of the former Dean, Dr. Liddell, an attractive group of little girls, occupied a prominent place among his small friends. There is some doubt as to which of them the stories of 'Alice' are actually dedicated, but tradition commonly points to Mrs. Reginald Hargreaves, Alice Liddell as she then was. That the name is the same, is certainly an argument in favour of this view. Some, however, maintain that the dedication was in reality addressed to the next sister Edith, whose untimely death sixteen years ago upon the eve of her marriage with Mr. Harcourt, of Newnham Park, was the cause of very deep grief and regret to all who knew her. Apart from the tragedy of her death at such a moment she was universally beloved for her own sake, and was as gifted as she was in every way charming. In any case, however, though the dedication poem of "Alice through the Looking Glass" is very obviously intended for one only of his little friends, that at the beginning of 'Alice in Wonderland,' and also the one at the close of the Looking-glass Adventures, would seem to be rather addressed to three of the sisters together. On reading these graceful little verses, one might easily infer that the first idea of this fantastic dream tale had flitted across the author's brain upon a certain drowsy summer afternoon as he drifted in a boat along the Oxford river, whilst the three little girls pulled manfully at the oars, and at the same time begged for a fairy story from their ever-willing friend.

Anyone who reads the adventures of Alice in later years will appreciate the marvellous knowledge of child nature which Mr. Dodgson possesses. No doubt he started with a large share of that most indefinable gift for understanding and sympathising with the young; but though he has himself always remained a bachelor, his experience of children has been none the less extremely wide. In Oxford alone, among his University acquaintance, there was not a house which owned children, and particularly little girls, which he did not frequent, and where a warm welcome was not always ready for him. His appearance, generally at odd hours and flavoured with that, to children, delightful element of the unexpected, was a signal for lesson-books to be discarded and for a general rush to the drawing-room, with a happy disregard of unbrushed hair or soiled pinafores. The children knew perfectly well that this visitor came to see *them*, and that they were not only to be seen, but heard. The parents also acquiesced in the arrangement. Mr. Dodgson was always admitted to be unlike other people, and his popularity with the children ensured him perfect liberty to pursue the unconventionality of his ways. He had seldom been in the house three minutes before, with pencil and paper, he had embarked the elder of his young friends upon some elaborate puzzle or conundrum, while jokes of all sorts and weird fairy tales were reserved for the little ones who clustered round him. One of the greatest treats that the children could have, was to go to tea with Mr. Dodgson in his quaint rooms in the Tom Quad at Christ Church, where games and entertainments without number were always ready for them, and where the hours passed only too quickly. Better still, perhaps, to be snatched from the dreary routine of a walk with nurse or governess, and borne off, regardless of remonstrance on the part of these worthies, to the mysterious gloom of a half-darkened room, to be photographed. Mr. Dodgson was very fond of taking portraits at a time when amateur photography was scarcely as finished as it is at present, and many little groups of boys and girls, faded now almost out of recognition, are still preserved as mementoes of these childish treats.

'Alice' enjoys a universal and well-deserved popularity, and in strange tongues she has travelled into other lands, but what wonder if those who have these early recollections

of their friendship with the author, should still regard Alice herself and all those delightful beings whom she met upon her travels, as their especial friends? Who under these circumstances would not still cherish a tenderness for the White Queen and tremble with Alice to this day before her Red Majesty's snappish temper? A few years ago both books were dramatised upon a London stage for the benefit of a juvenile audience. The actors and actresses were all children, and the representation may be considered to have been a complete success. Everybody was delighted, and yet probably not a few of the parents and elder relations present went home, took down the worn volumes of 'Alice' from the shelf, and told themselves that the Mr. Dodgson of their childhood could only be interpreted by himself and not by any amount of dramatic adaptation.

Apart from Mr. Dodgson's intimate and faithful knowledge of children, it is his peculiar gift for blending fact and fancy which constitutes in great measure the charm of his writings. He possesses moreover to the highest degree the art of employing such extreme "naturalness," even whilst depicting the wildest impossibilities, that every child comes to feel, for instance, that she might quite well have dreamt what Alice did, though it is certain that no child ever dreamt anything half so interesting.

To meet a white rabbit carrying gloves and a fan becomes quite a matter of course, while any child of ordinary imagination only longs to join the March Hare and the Hatter's tea-party without stopping to criticise their mode of conversation. There is also in everything which Mr. Dodgson writes an exceptional vein of imaginative humour, which converts the commonplace into the fantastic, and provides his readers with something to think about beyond the actual story, as for example the really elaborate arrangements of the animated chess-board in Looking-glass land. Mr. Dodgson usually expresses himself in the form of dreams as giving larger scope to this particular form of imagination, and occasionally the dreams are not unlike nightmares. Those stories ostensibly embodying mathematical problems which twist through one another in the volume he has rightly entitled 'Tanglewood Tales,' might have haunted the sick-bed of a Senior Wrangler, and the 'Hunting of the Snark' is not far removed from delirium. Nevertheless it is the 'Snark' that after 'Alice' has probably enjoyed the greatest popularity amongst Mr. Dodgson's productions. The same fantastic humour which in his earlier work invented an expensive vocabulary for the famous Jabberwock Lay, bursts out again in this spirited poem, which the author for some queer reason of his own has divided into a series of "fits." Serious-minded people have endeavoured to prove that the 'Hunting of the Snark' was written with an object, and that the Snark itself represented some abstract or concrete thing, the exact nature of which is unknown. It is said, however, that Mr. Dodgson has absolutely denied the imputation—otherwise he would most certainly have been called upon to explain the meaning of the Boogum and much else besides. And after all why should not a man write nonsense if he likes? Especially if it be such first-rate nonsense as that of the Bellman who

> "Had bought a large map representing the sea
> Without the least vestige of land,"

and his light-hearted companions who

> "Were much pleased when they found it to be
> A map they could all understand."

But in spite of the nonsense, Mr. Dodgson is very clever at all times in introducing touches of human nature, and most of us may recognise certain familiar peculiarities even in the strange ship's company. The Barrister's dream is no doubt not wholly fancy, and in several of his verses at different times Mr. Dodgson has introduced topical, University, and other matters. Verse has always been a favourite vehicle for expressing his fantasies, and it is difficult to say whether he is most delightful in that or in prose. There is also a little volume consisting only of acrostics and puzzles, dedicated to two granddaughters of the famous Dr. Arnold, who have enjoyed his friendship since the days of their earliest childhood at Oxford. And we must not omit to mention the delightful illustrations provided by John Tenniel for the two volumes of 'Alice,' nor the grotesque representations of the ship's crew in the 'Snark' by Henry Holiday. 'Sylvie and Bruno' has been illustrated with Harry Furniss's usual grace and charm. In this last work, which has proceeded within recent years from Mr. Dodgson's pen, the humour of his earlier writings is rather wanting. A certain amount of refreshing nonsense is still to be found, but distinctly inferior to what he has given us before.

> "He thought he saw a Buffalo
> Upon the chimney-piece;
> He looked again, and saw it was
> His sister's husband's niece," etc.,

with the variations upon the same refrain which run through the story, are scarcely to be compared to any four lines out of the 'Snark,' or to any of the ditties in either of the books of 'Alice.'

From a literary point of view, moreover, it is to be questioned whether a story which combines a fairy tale with a quite grown-up romance as well as more serious matter can ever be a complete success, since it must always remain doubtful whether it was intended for the little ones or their elders. The fairy-land portion of 'Sylvie and Bruno,' woven in in the form of dreams, is as charming as anything that the author has yet written, but none the less this latest story is never likely to be as popular with the children, at any rate, as 'Alice.' At the same time, it must be remembered that 'Sylvie and Bruno' is a more serious undertaking, and written with a deeper purpose than anything which Mr. Dodgson has before attempted. The real interest of the book, indeed, lies in the fact that it is the work of his later years, and gives us some idea of the man of whom so little is now known. In the long preface, he gives us his views upon many things in life, and upon the always possible nearness of death, and this story is throughout largely influenced by the deep religious feeling which has always been one of Mr. Dodgson's strongest characteristics, and which is so beautifully expressed in the Easter Greeting at the end of 'Alice' through the Looking Glass. It is not unnatural that those who of all ages and at different times have read and loved 'Alice' should ask what the author is doing now, and whether he is still the guide, philosopher, and friend of the Oxford children. And this brings us to a curious and rather melancholy side

of Mr. Dodgson's character, melancholy at least to many in its external results.

Even in former years, as his little friends grew older, he seemed to cease to care to see them. When the children went to school, his visits to their homes almost invariably ceased. No reason was given, except that, if the children were not there, he did not care to come, and the parents were obliged once more to acquiesce in this sudden neglect. Nor has he often consented to renew his acquaintance with his former little friends in after life. By degrees he seems to have isolated himself from his surroundings, and at the present day it is said that within his own four walls in Christ Church he leads almost the life of a recluse. He still dines in Hall at High table, but seldom speaks, and takes no part in the society of the University.

He has not, however, lost his love for children, though in Oxford itself, if his circle of small friends exists at all at the present day, which is doubtful, it is a very much diminished one. He still, however, constantly entertains little actresses from the London theatres, and among these professional friends have been numbered the Misses Webling.

A story has recently been told of him which, true or not, and it is not authenticated, vividly recalls the Mr. Dodgson of former days. It happened that in two houses near together in a London street, dinner parties were being given upon the same night. Just as the guests in one house were about to descend to the dining-room, the door was flung open and, to the surprise of the assembled company, a gentleman entered on all fours. Fortunately, one of the guests recognised Mr. Dodgson in this strange apparition, who, realising his mistake, was able to explain it, to the amusement of all present. It seems that he was supposed to be dining in the other house, where a number of his small friends were waiting to see him in the drawing-room before dinner. In his haste, and considering the strong family likeness between London houses, it is not surprising that he entered the first door which showed signs of a party. Nor did he notice the unfamiliarity of his surroundings till the aghast expression of the butler and the bewilderment upon the faces of the guests, roused him to a sense of the situation. It is easy to imagine the delight of the children in the right house if this very original mode of entrance was repeated for their benefit.

To those whose earliest memories are associated with Mr. Dodgson, it must ever remain a matter of regret that their friendship with him has never been permitted to be renewed in later years. None the less, however, will they always retain an affectionate recollection of this early friend, and feel a real gratitude towards one who brought so much happiness and amusement into their childhood.

TWO MARTYRS.

THE FIRST.

A PRISON in Rome, 65 A.D. Agatha alone, kneeling. Twilight, early morning. She prays, "O Christ, my Saviour, by Thy bloody sweat have mercy on me and help me in this hour of trial. Strengthen me that I may not deny Thee this day."

She drops in a half swoon, and before her hovers a vision of herself in a country farm-house. It is a sunny afternoon, and children are playing about her and calling her mother. She wakes again and looks towards the door where she sees a figure.

"It is thou; I know thee, O my enemy!" She turns to the image of the cross before her, and again prays, "O Christ, deliver me! Thou who didst meet and overcome him in the wilderness, stand by Thy servant!" She remains prostrate for some time and again looks up. The figure has gone, and the whole of the cell is full of light and appears uncovered. Straight from the sky a winged angel descends and places a crown on her head. She raises herself in an ecstasy. Soldiers march into the cell: she is led out, but the angel walks by her side to the centre of the arena. She again kneels: the gates which confine the wild beasts are thrown open, but the angel draws still nearer and takes her hand. She lifts her eyes; she sees nothing around her; nothing but the open heavens above her; her Master smiling on her, and a double row of seraphim waiting to receive her. The populace shout as the lions spring upon her, but her ears are stopped by celestial music: one closer clasp of the angel's hand and she is dead.

THE SECOND.

Sunday afternoon in a small stuccoed terrace in Camden Town in January, 1893. Foggy and dark. The cracked bell of an iron church is ringing on the opposite side of the road. Furnished apartment, dingy and mean; a battered sofa in green rep; a so-called easy chair with a missing castor; an imitation rosewood chiffonier between the door and window, and two or three Christmas pictures from illustrated newspapers on the walls. A plain-looking girl, about eight-and-twenty, sits by a poor fire. A quantity of exercises to be corrected lie on the table with a number of schoolbooks, a volume or two of Renan and Strauss's *Der alte und der neue Glaube*. Landlady knocks at the door.

"I'm going now, miss; I shall be in by ten. I've got your tea ready; you've only to bring it up. If anybody comes—but I don't suppose as anybody will—you won't mind going to the door yourself?"

"I don't think anybody will come."

She turns away from the table and sits by the fire.

"Twenty-eight yesterday and one post-card 'wishing me many happy returns. In haste, yours,' etc. Twenty-eight years! I wonder if it would have been different if anybody had ever said to me, 'I love you!'"

She walks across the room, takes up a book and reads:

"There is only one theory which accounts satisfactorily for the sun's heat, and that is the theory propounded by Helmholtz. According to this distinguished physicist, the solar heat is produced by shrinkage of the solar mass. There are some difficulties still to be solved; but these are entirely due to the demands made by geologists for the enormous past time which must have been necessary to stratify the globe as we now find it. Of one thing, however, there can be no doubt—that all work means expenditure of energy, and that consequently a day must arrive when the sun will be cold and life on the earth will be at an end. Apart from geology, Helmholtz's hypothesis is entirely satisfactory, and it is very probable that the geological computations are capable of emendation."

She moves back to her chair.

"Duty! What is duty? To whom do I owe it? Who prescribes it? A hundred years hence, what will it matter? Reproach! how will it touch me, when I am quiet under the grass?"

She goes to the mantelpiece, on which is a bottle labelled —"Two teaspoonsful to be taken at bed-time."

"An over-dose of this and I am at rest!"

She takes up the bottle, but stops. To this has it come! The law on Mount Sinai, the vision of the saint, are represented by a scarcely heard "No" which presents no credentials. It has to be taken absolutely on trust; it has nothing to say to the tremendous argument on the other side. Why should she listen?

She stands thinking for some minutes; puts down the bottle; seats herself again at the table; draws her papers together; looks at one she had nearly finished and writes—*Correct; but the deduction is wrong; the angle ABC is not equal to the angle BCA.*

The fog meanwhile shifts itself uneasily, and a just perceptible ray from the sun setting over the Hampstead Road falls on her face.

W. HALE WHITE.

LONDON PUBLISHERS.

MESSRS. ISBISTER AND CO., 15 and 16, Tavistock Street, Covent Garden, W.C.

THE firm of Isbister and Co., Limited, may be dated back to the fifties, when its title was "Strahan and Co." In 1870-1 the title changed to "William Isbister," and about 1874 it was again changed to "Daldy and Isbister." In 1878 the firm was divided into two companies, "Isbister and Co., Limited," and "William Isbister, Limited." These companies were, in June, 1890, amalgamated under the name of Isbister and Co., Limited.

The publications of the firm are of a general character, though theological works have all along been one of its specialities. Among the authors whose works it has issued may be mentioned Dean Alford, the Duke of Argyll, A.K.H.B., Sir Robert Ball, Mr. Robert Buchanan, Dr. R. W. Dale, Archdeacon Farrar, Mr. Gladstone, Dora Greenwell, Dr. Guthrie, Nathaniel Hawthorne, Sir John Herschel, Edward Irving, Jean Ingelow, Charles Kingsley, Dr. Norman Macleod, George MacDonald, Archbishop Magee, F. D. Maurice, Cardinal Newman, Dean Plumptre, Dean Stanley, Hesba Stretton, Lord Tennyson, Anthony Trollope, and Bishop Wilberforce.

Messrs. Isbister are the English agents for D. C. Heath and Co., Boston, U.S.A.

Some well-known and highly successful periodicals have been published by the firm. The first number of *Good Words* appeared in January, 1860. Among its contributors have been nearly all the best known writers on theology, and *belles-lettres*, and the most competent of black and white artists from that year to the present time. The first editor, Dr. Norman Macleod, was succeeded on his death in 1872, by the present editor, his brother, Dr. Donald Macleod. The *Sunday Magazine* appeared in 1864, and has been edited successively by Dr. Thomas Guthrie, Professor W. Garden Blaikie, and the Rev. Benjamin Waugh. *Good Words for the Young* ran a course of four years, from 1868 to 1872, under the distinguished editorship of Dr. George MacDonald, and *St. Paul's*, first published in 1867, and edited by Anthony Trollope, was discontinued in 1872. The list of contributors to the *Contemporary Review* comprises most of the names of men of theological, political, scientific and literary eminence during the last quarter of a century. It was published for the first time in January, 1866, under the editorship of Dean Alford. Its present editor is Mr. Percy W. Bunting.

MESSRS. SWAN SONNENSCHEIN AND CO., Paternoster Square, E.C.

The firm was established in 1877, and between the years 1878 and 1892 it has issued over a thousand books. The partners are Mr. William Swan Sonnenschein, Mr. Herbert Wigram, and Mr. Rupert Oswald Smith. The publications of the firm are general in character, its catalogues comprising works in nearly every department of literature.

Among the writers that have been associated with Messrs. Sonnenschein and Co. are: in Theology and Philosophy, the Rev. T. B. Dover, Rev. Wm. Bellars, Rev. John Owen, Dr. Otto Pfleiderer, Dr. Bernard Bosanquet, Professor Caird, William Wallace, etc. In Science, Dr. Vines, J. E. Harting, Dr. Haviland, Professors Claus, Hertwig, Dr. Sedgwick, Professor Beddard, Professor Hillhouse, Dr. Hatch, and F. H. Groom, etc. In History, Travel, Belles-Lettres, and Fiction, the late Professor Thorold Rogers, Professor William Knight, Harry Quilter, W. Carew Hazlitt, Oscar Browning, T. Crofton Croker, Lucas Malet, J. M. Barrie, Miss Cobbe, Captain Mayne Reid, Professor Max Muller, George Moore, F. C. Philips, the Earl of Desart, and Andrew Lang. In Political and Social Economy, Dr. Bonar, the Right Hon. Joseph Chamberlain, M.P., Sir John Lubbock, the Marquis of Lorne, Emile de Laveleye, Frederick Engels, Edward Carpenter, Sidney Webb, Rev. C. W. Stubbs, Professor Ashley, Dr. D. G. Ritchie, C. S. Loch, Karl Marx, Dr. Russel Wallace, Professor Ely, Sidney Buxton, M.P., etc. In Education, Professors Nettleship and Sonnenschein, Dr. J. E. Sandys, Dr. Newsholme, Dr. A. W. Verrall, Professor A. H. Strong, Professor Victor Henry, Miss Emily Shirreff, Dr. F. A. Paley, etc.

Among the most recent ventures of importance undertaken by the firm are—

(1) 'The Social Science Series,' now comprising some sixty-five volumes, which have had considerable influence on social thought during the past two years, and which have had a remarkable sale.

(2) 'The Parallel Grammar Series,' about twenty-five volumes, dealing with the "five school languages," and Spanish, other languages to follow in course.

(3) 'The Best Books,' edited by Mr. W. Swan Sonnenschein, containing selections of about 50,000 books, classified into all the categories of knowledge.

(4) 'The Standard Authors Series,' library edition, in most cases newly re-edited, of Shakespeare (Dyce's edition, ten vols.), Pepys (Lord Braybrooke's edition, four vols.), Madame D'Arblay, Prescott, Motley, St. Simon, Walpole, Boswell, Lord Chesterfield, Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, White of Selborne, etc.

"VERY INACCURATE AND VERY UNRELIABLE."

To the Editor of THE BOOKMAN.

DEAR SIR,—Mr. Sprigge, in the *Author* for January, is indignant at my using the words "very inaccurate and very unreliable" in connection with the publications of the Authors' Society. He enumerates four publications, of which the first two are mere reprints of the utterances of other bodies, and could therefore have nothing to do with my arguments. He has a sly dig at Mr. Gosse, or the *Société des Gens de Lettres*—it is not clear which. But I will at once assure him that I have no fault to find with that reprint from the *Nineteenth Century*; and I have never had the courage to read 'Literature and the Pension List,' although Mr. Besant sent it me with his compliments, together with all the Authors' Society's publications. The 'Methods of Publishing' is a book to which I should more immediately apply "very unreliable"; perhaps it would be better to say misleading to quite cover the meaning. It is misleading in the spirit in which it approaches the whole question more than in particular details, because it bases its figures, I presume, to a great extent, on the "Cost of Production." Thus whenever calculations are made it is taken for granted throughout that enough copies of any book are sold to at least cover the publisher's expenses, starting with the avowed axiom that publishers hardly ever take a risk. Now all these calculations are made, and the whole work of the Authors' Society is directed, we are told, to aid and protect the young

and inexperienced author, because it is taken for granted that the experienced and successful author does not require taking care of. For that reason I contend that it is monstrous not to take into consideration the inevitable risk and the probable loss on a first book; and also the fact that even if the book is a success from the author's point of view it will most likely prove a disappointment to the publisher. Let no one believe the contention that a publisher is merely an agent for placing a book on the market. I can assure Mr. Sprigge that a publisher who is no more than that and takes no further interest in his publications, be he ever so good an agent, is assuredly a very bad publisher.

The greatest errors seem to me those committed in the "Cost of Production," and I cannot retract either of my epithets or help adding as before the word misleading. I think Mr. Innes, in the *Athenæum*, has conclusively proved that clerks' wages, and warehouse room, and insurance, and the risk of bad debts are as much part of cost of publication as are print and paper, because they must be added to the actual cost of production before that flimsy item, the publisher's profits, is realised. For that reason alone, authors are misled who rely upon the calculations in the "Cost of Production" without that necessary business mind, which we are everlastingly told they "do not possess." I open the book at random at page 31, and I ask Mr. Sprigge how an unknown author's book is to be made sufficiently conspicuous to give it the ghost of a chance on £25 advertising. On page 34, I should like to be instructed where I can get a three-and-sixpenny book bound at £4 per 1,000, or less than one penny a piece, because I believe that every publisher in London would jump at the opportunity. On page 15 three-volume novels are discussed, and I have asked union and non-union houses to estimate for press work of so small editions as 350 and 500 copies, with the result that they have uniformly been from 25 per cent. to 33 per cent. more than the prices there named. Does Mr. Sprigge seriously mean to contend that £20 spent on the advertising of any three-volume novel would not be worse than money thrown into the sea? And I want to know whether any three-volume novel, which sold to the tune of 1,000 copies, did ever cost as little as £30 in advertising, etc., etc. I could in this way go through the book from page to page, but wherefore? May I simply, in conclusion, ask, why the *Author* is ignored by Mr. Sprigge? If it is not a publication of the Authors' Society then their acknowledged issues might perhaps, by comparison, be forgiven.

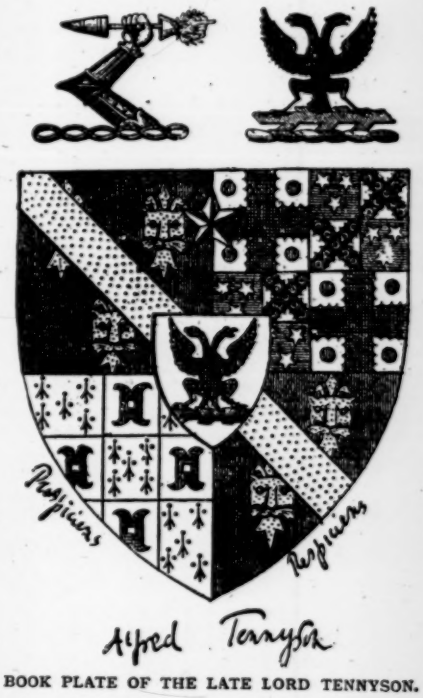
Yours obediently,

21, *Bedford Street, W.C.*, WILLIAM HEINEMANN.
January 20, 1893.

NEW BOOKS.

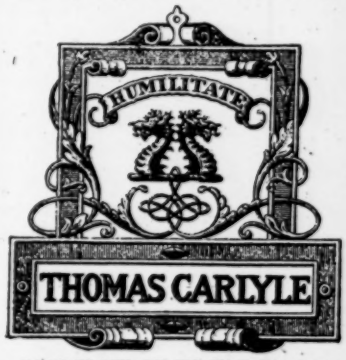
ENGLISH BOOK-PLATES.*

There is no other really accessible book of the kind. 'Warren's Guide' and 'Ryland's Notes' are both out of print, and neither was of so practical a character as the present treatise. Mr. Castle's book, whatever be its intention, is adapted to reconcile the subject to the unlearned, to the Philistine. First, he takes for granted that his readers know nothing—this cannot be too highly commended. Then he is kind enough to explain, on grounds intelligible to the vulgar, why the subject should be of any interest; and thirdly, he proves by an admirable series of plates, and a historic and artistic exposition, that it really is of interest. Book-plates are hardly a distinguished possession now. They are a matter of fashion, at least in the little world that cares for books at all—perhaps a matter of vanity. All the more reason, evidently thinks Mr. Castle, that the question of their purpose and design should be intelligently considered. He is not hard on this vanity, if such it be, nor is he severe, but on the contrary sympathetic, towards much of the fancifulness and waywardness of modern Ex-libris. His definition of the object of a book-plate, "to invest books with some more 'personal' character," puts the subject at once on a human basis understandable to all book-lovers, bibliophiles or not. But Mr. Castle's own reasonable enthusiasm is one thing, and this declaration by Mr. Gosse is another: "The outward and visible mark of the citizenship is the book-lover is his book-plate. There are many good bibliophiles who abide in the trenches, and never proclaim their loyalty



BOOK PLATE OF THE LATE LORD TENNYSON.

by a book-plate. They are with us, but not of us, etc. Here we reach the level of rank affectation, and we turn with delight to the story Mr. Castle tells of "one of the most distinguished men of letters of the day" who, on being asked for his book-plate, said he hadn't one, and had never



BOOK-PLATE OF THOMAS CARLYLE.

heard of such a thing. The possession of a book-plate is certainly one of a good many signs of falling in love with books. Some of these love-tokens are austere enough, others fanciful; some lovers sink themselves altogether in the dignity of their family; others are very assertive of their own personality. The plates represent nearly every variety,

BOOK-PLATE OF CHARLES DICKENS.

and some of them are individually of remarkable interest—those designed by Dürer and Bewick, those of Pepys, one a portrait, the other symbolic of his naval preoccupations, to quote only a few examples. The plates here reproduced, by kind permission of Mr. Castle and Messrs. Bell, have been selected from the personal

*'English Book-Plates.' An Illustrated Handbook for Students of Ex-libris. By Egerton Castle. 7s. 6d. net. (Bell and Sons.)

interest point of view, and do not represent the artistic excellence of the majority of the others. If not very significant of their owners, they were at least the marks of distinguished ownership; and there is a special interest in the Fitzgerald one. "It is surmised," says Mr. Castle, "that in the angel Thackeray intended to pourtray Mrs. Brookfield;" and Mr. Gosse sends the following extract from a letter of Fitzgerald: "Done by Thackeray one day in Coram (Joram) Street in 1842. All wrong on her feet, so he said—I can see him now.—E. FG."

The classification, if differing slightly from former attempts, is intelligible. Early Armorial, Tudoresque, Carolian, and Restoration; Eighteenth Century, Jacobean, Rococo, Festoon, and Pictorial Plates; Modern Plates, including Modern Armorial, Printers' Mark Style, Heraldic-Allegoric, and Heraldic-Symbolic, and Pictorial. Seeing that a knowledge of blazon does not yet "form part of a sound and liberal education," the ardent student may have to seek supplementary light on this department from other sources, but Mr. Castle has done well not to load his book with heraldic lore, heraldic symbols being rather a very general accident of the subject than inherent in the purpose of book-plates. Some of the present-day book-plates push symbolism to absurd lengths, and Mr. Erat Harrison, whose designs as a rule are admirable, has surely perpetrated the worst pictorial pun on record in the Ex-libris made by him for Mr. Charles Doble. But others are both fitting and beautiful; that of Sir Christopher Sykes, designed by Millais, for instance, all of those designed by Mr. Sherborne, Mr. Crane's own plate, and a particularly graceful library interior by Mrs. Castle.

BOOK-PLATE OF EDWARD FITZGERALD, DESIGNED BY THACKERAY.

Collectors will find here practical suggestions, also arguments to protect them from the ignorant sneers of their friends. That Mr. Castle belongs to a very strict order of book-lovers is seen by this token—that he declares such an Ex-libris motto as *Sibi et Amicis* "unworthy of any member of our fraternity." But he is gentle to those who as yet don't belong to the fraternity at all, and even deigns to treat his subject humorously. So that this book, of a class which is generally used only for reference, is readable nearly the whole way through.

THE EPISTLE OF ST. JAMES.*

There are good reasons why the Epistle of St. James should receive the closest attention of the Christian Church. It is the sole document which survives from that early period which preceded the great missionary journeys of St. Paul. Jews and Jewish Christians are still to be found in the same synagogue, under the rule of the same eldership, liable to be brought before the same synagogue-courts. The great rupture between mother and child had not yet driven all who owned the Messianic dignity of Jesus outside the pale of Judaism. Another reason for turning with exceptional eagerness to this Epistle lies in the fact that the writer grew up in the same home as Jesus, knew what His nature had shown itself in the unguarded hours of boyhood, and was thus better fitted than any other to testify to the character of his brother. It is impossible to conceive that had James observed in Jesus any taint of sin or evil, he could have acknowledged Him as the Lord of glory. The testimony to the sinlessness of Jesus borne by this Epistle is beyond all price.

When one reads the elaborate and useful Bibliography furnished by Professor Mayor, and recognises how much learned labour has already been spent upon the few pages penned by St. James, the first thought is, why add to this mass of literature an octavo of nearly five hundred pages? why should Professor Mayor give his sum of more to that which had too much? But second thoughts suggest that the very circumstance that more literature than any ordinary reader can overtake has already accumulated round this small document, makes it most desirable that some scholar should devote himself for the public good to the task of sifting the gold from the dross in this mine, and resetting before the world what deserves to be prized. Professor Mayor's volume in every part of it gives proof that no time or labour has been grudged in mastering this mass of literature, and that in appraising it he has exercised the sound judgment of a thoroughly trained scholar and critic.

Professor Mayor's work is elaborate, and furnishes the student with the entire equipment which can be considered helpful to the understanding of the Epistle. He discusses the Authorship and the date, taking occasion to administer a caustic rebuke to the extravagant fancies of some recent German critics. The relation of the Epistle to other writings is examined, and considerable space is devoted to an account of the grammar and style of St. James. Other introductory matters having been attended to, the text of the Epistle is printed, and on the opposite page three Latin versions, the Vulgate of the Codex Amiatinus, the Old Latin of the Corbey MS., and quotations from the Speculum and Priscillian. Then follow 140 pages of notes, to which are added in a closing chapter some homiletic and doctrinal "comments" on the leading topics of the Epistle. An index of Greek words and an index of subjects facilitates the use of a book which supersedes all previous commentaries on St. James.

Did space allow, many points call for and suggest remark. The parallel columns, in which the Vulgate and Old Latin can so easily be compared, at once show us in what respects Jerome improved upon and in what respects he, to say the least, did not improve upon the Old Latin. Abundant matter for thought and large material for illustrating the text are to be found in the Notes, which if, in some rare instances, they do not precisely hit the point, are uniformly characterised by thorough scholarship and unfailing sense. The notes resemble rather those of Lightfoot than those of Ellicott. Professor Mayor delights in accumulating illustrative passages, allowing them to speak for themselves; probably the most fruitful style of annotating. It is a pleasure to welcome a book which does credit to English learning, and which will take and keep a foremost place in Biblical literature. MARCUS DODS.

* 'The Epistle of St. James.' The Greek Text, with Introduction, Notes and Comments. By Joseph B. Mayor, M.A.Camb., Litt.D.Dubl. (Macmillan and Co.)

THE ATTIS OF CATULLUS.*

This dainty book, "done up" in Japanese vellum and printed on "hand-made paper with wide margins and uncut edges," forms the sixth volume of the 'Bibliothèque de Carabas.' As only 500 copies are for sale and it will "never be reprinted," it is clearly intended only for a small and esoteric circle of readers, and indeed a book, which consists of the Latin text of the Attis, followed by a translation into English verse and three dissertations on "the myth of Attis," "the origin of tree-worship," and "the Galliambic metre," can hardly be anything but "caviare to the general."

The Attis is a lyric poem which describes the poignant regret of a beautiful youth, who in an outburst of fanatic enthusiasm had joined the ranks of the eunuch priests of the goddess Cybele. The subject is so repulsive and unnatural that, despite its weird beauty, the poem is comparatively little appreciated, and one can well believe that when Mr. Grant Allen read it with a class of students "in an abortive little government college in Spanish Town, Jamaica . . . they didn't appear to have the slightest conception of its literary merit and human interest." From a purely artistic standpoint possibly its literary merit is very great, but it is certainly not one of those poems which appeal to the taste and feeling of men in general, and sober critics will marvel to hear it described as "the greatest poem in the Latin language." They will marvel less, however, when

* 'The Attis of Catullus.' By Grant Allen. pp xvi., 154. (David Nutt, Strand, 1892.)

they hear that it is so, because it exhibits "the finest flower of the Celtic genius, infiltrated (*sic*) by the mystic and mysterious (*sic*) charm of the Oriental imagination." This is rhapsody, not criticism. The reader shall, however, form his own judgment of Mr. Grant Allen's moderation. Here are two lines of the Attis:

"Tibicen ubi canit Phryx curvo grave calamo
Ubi capita mænades vi jaciunt hederigeræ."

Here is the comment on them:—"These two verses form, perhaps, the very finest example of the adaptation of sound to sense to be found anywhere in the whole range of poetry ancient or modern." This is printed seriously on "hand-made paper with wide margins." A "wide margin" is surely needed for those who read such statements.

In dealing, however, with the "human interest" of the Attis legend, Mr. Grant Allen is himself eminently interesting. The mutilation of Attis is undoubtedly connected with that widely prevalent form of nature-worship, in which the deity is conceived of as "the spirit of vegetation," and annually dies and rises again. Attis is, in fact, none other than the Syrian Adonis or Tammuz against whose worship Ezekiel protests (viii. 14). He dwells in trees, and his life and death were symbolised by forcing cress or young wheat in small baskets called "gardens of Adonis," such as were often to be seen in drawing-rooms a few years back. Prof. Cheyne renders the "pleasant gardens" of Isaiah xvii. 10 "gardens of Adonis," and it is with this superstition that the Israelites are reproached in the famous passage Isaiah i. 29.

"Ye shall be ashamed for the *oaks* which ye have desired,
Ye shall be confounded for the *gardens* that ye have chosen.

But Attis comes still nearer home to us: the pine-tree, in which his spirit dwells, and which was cut down and worshipped, "decked with violets and woollen bands," is practically identical with the May-pole of our English villages. The theory of similar "tree-spirits" or "corn-spirits" is fully illustrated in Mr. Frazer's famous work, 'The Golden Bough.' The conclusions there arrived at Mr. Grant Allen accepts; he also, however, accepts equally Mr. Herbert Spencer's theory that the deities of primeval man were originally the ghosts of departed ancestors. His object is to reconcile these two theories. They are in fact, he says, not two, but one; they mutually supplement and support each other; the "ancestral ghost" gradually becomes the "spirit of vegetation." The reasons are simple. The ground over a buried body, having been well dug and being continually supplied with libations of blood and milk, affords an admirable seed-plot for the grain or fruits which are also offered upon it; the vegetation on the grave is luxuriant, and the dead man gets the credit. Then the tree planted to mark the tomb, being also richly manured and, as a rule, well protected, generally flourished well, and so was regarded as animated with the spirit of the departed. This theory, in which "the ghost plays . . . the same part that guano and phosphates play to-day," when stated thus baldly sounds strange, but when read in the author's own vivacious narrative, along with the excellent illustrations which he brings forward, it is singularly attractive. Moreover, as it is indisputable that early man did pay extraordinary reverence on the one hand to graves and ghosts, and on the other to trees and stones, some theory which shall reconcile these two sets of ideas seems certainly needed, nor is it unreasonable to find that reconciliation in the view that the tree or stone which marks a grave soon becomes itself an object of reverence, as being the ghost's chosen habitation or embodiment.

From tree-spirits to Galliambics is a "far cry." It is a transition from primitive barbarism to decadent civilisation. The metre is elaborately artificial, and seems intended to imitate the wild and orgiastic music with which the fashionable votaries of Cybele at Rome stimulated their religious zeal. It is one of the rarest metres in the world. Tennyson attempted to reproduce it in "Boadicea": the attempt is a failure, but Mr. Grant Allen does injustice to Tennyson's sound scholarship and perfect ear when he makes him read the Attis "accentually, thus—

Súper | álta | véctus | Attis || céler | í rate | mári | á.'

His own attempt to translate the Attis into this metre is distinctly clever and creditable, but it is not more than this. Such attempts are indeed foredoomed to failure. To render a strange and artificial poem successfully into English in a strange and artificial metre is impossible. The translation interests its author; scholars read it, and go back to the original; the Philistine millions never read it at all. Space allows only of one quotation in support of this statement, but perhaps these lines will suffice:—

"Where slow the Phrygian minstrel on his reed drones deep and dread,
Where the mænad tossès wildly her ivy-encinctured head."

These are English Galliambics, and they are a rendering of what the translator asserts are the two most wonderful lines in the finest of Latin poems.

T. E. PAGE.

THE VISION OF MACCONGLINNE.*

This certainly is one of the most singular and suggestive Irish books I have ever come across. It brings before one with very startling vividness that strange mixture of extravagant asceticism and extravagant indulgence, mystical aspiration and gross materialism which we call the Middle Ages. It is a romance, in prose and verse, written down first, according to the surmise of its editor and translator, about the end of the twelfth century. It is the work of a gleeman, or strolling story-teller and juggler, and gets its greatest interest from the fierce attacks upon the monks, and upon the very symbols of religion itself, in which the author avenges the sufferings of his persecuted tribe. The law made the gleemen outlaws, and the Church denied them salvation, and against this double persecution they had but one weapon—satire. 'The Vision of MacConglinne' exists to prove that the weapon was both sharp and glittering. The gleeman MacConglinne is described upon the one hand as wise and learned, and such beautiful phrases are put in his mouth as my "treasure is only in heaven or on earth, in wisdom or in poetry"; while the best that can be said of the monks is, "Ye curs, and ye robbers, and dung-hounds, and unlettered brutes, ye shifting, blundering, hang-head monks of Cork." The whole story, too, is but a description of the gradual rout of the monks and the slow triumph of the gleeman, until it leaves him sitting at the right hand of the king.

The plot is a masterpiece. MacConglinne arrives one night at the Guest House of Cork, and finds the fire out and the blanket alive with vermin, "numerous as the sands of the sea, as sparks of fire, or dew on a May morning, or the stars of heaven." He makes a great noise singing hymns that he may attract attention, and succeeds at last in awaking the bishop himself, who sends his servant to bring him his "rations." These rations are but two lumps of turf and a little straw to make a fire, and some whey water for his supper. MacConglinne is so filled with wrath that he indites a satire upon the bishop and the monks. The bishop, when he hears this, is filled with a great rage, and declares that "little boys will sing those verses, unless the words are avenged on him who made them." Accordingly he bids them strip the clothes off the gleeman, beat him almost to death, and dip him in the river Lea, and then put him back into the guest house, naked as he was, and leave him thus until the morning, and in the morning he must be crucified for reviling the Church. He is beaten and dipped in the river accordingly, and in the morning taken to be crucified. He is made to cut down his "passion-tree" himself, but manages to delay his execution by various ruses, until it is so late that the monks plead with the bishop to postpone it until the next day, for they are hungry and tired. MacConglinne is accordingly tied to a pillar-stone and left there for the night, when he has a vision of a land of plenty, where the lakes are of milk and the houses built of various kinds of food. This vision is told in such a way as to parody those religious visions of monks and saints which were so common at the time. In the morning he tells his tormentors of his vision, reminds them that Cathar, the King of Munster, is tormented by a devouring demon so that he is eating up the whole produce of the land, and declares that it has been revealed to him that the revelation of this vision will cure him. The bishop also, it appears,

* 'The Vision of MacConglinne.' Edited by Kuno Meyer. (David Nutt.)

has had a revelation telling him that MacConglinne can deliver the king. MacConglinne is accordingly released, and sent to the court of Cathar. He explains his mission to Pican, a great nobleman with whom the king was staying, and begins work by inducing the king to fast for two days by trapping him into an oath to grant him what he will. At the end of the two days he induces Pican to have the king seized and tied to a pillar. He then spreads great quantities of food before him, and tantalizes Cathar and the demon that possesses him by holding pieces of meat just in front of his mouth, but beyond his reach, and by repeating his vision of plenty the while. At last the demon can bear it no longer, but rushes out to seize a piece of meat, and is caught under an inverted cauldron. Every one then leaves the house, and it is set fire to, and the demon rushes out of it, and after sitting for a while upon the roof of the next house, flies "into the air among the people of Hell." The king is now cured and full of gratitude, but the bishop and monks of Cork still seek to take their prey. The king bids them lodge in court a large sum of money, and he himself will lodge an equal sum in the name of the gleeman, and when the judges have tried the case the money shall go to the winner. The judges decide for the gleeman, and the monks beget them to their monastery discomfited, while their victim remains at court as the guest and friend of the king, and receives for reward "a cow out of every close in Munsterland, and an ounce for every householder, and a cloak for every church, and a sheep for every house from Carn to Cork."

Besides the interest of its curious story, the work is crowded with picturesque details of mediæval manners and customs, and will be a treasure to the writer of historical romance and to the student of history.

W. B. YEATS.

THE RHYTHM OF LIFE.*

'The Rhythm of Life' is the first of twenty short essays which are capable of causing considerable irritation tempered by moments of pleasure. In nearly every one of the twenty the writer convinces us that she has something to say. This high praise is given ungrudgingly. The book enshrines (no less solemn word would be adequate) a few principles of life and art, and a few prejudices of a superior order. It is free from conventionality of a common-place kind. The point of view is for the most part negative. The main object of attack—but attack is an inappropriate word, and Mrs. Meynell makes us ponder our language—of reproach, rather, is Vulgarity, or, as she prefers to call it, "insimplicity." This is held to include, of course, everything Early Victorian, the colonial muse and the colonial intellect generally, the "decivilised" provincials who go to ballad-concerts or daub door-panels: in fact, all cheapness in literature and art and life.

Mrs. Meynell has pushed the artistic gift, or habit, of selection to a point that must make the world a rather more difficult place for her than even for other people. It is not only in country lodgings she finds "the most ordinary things of design have sifted down or gathered together, so that foolish ornament gains a cumulative force and achieves a conspicuous commonness." Even English landscape is under a ban. "The country is fat. . . . England is almost as blunt as a machine-made moulding or a piece of Early Victorian cast-iron work." On the other hand, "Italy is slim and all articulate." Her love for simplicity finds, however, it must be said, some better illustrations. Indeed, so admirable is her understanding of the saving value of this essential of healthy life and art, that we are driven to wish with real ardour that she would express it in a way that would not urge unregenerate persons to cherish Early-Victorianism and to commit with appetite all the other deadly Philistine sins.

"I could wish," she says, "abstention to exist, and even to be evident in my words." No doubt it exists: a writer himself only can tell what he abstains from. It is evident probably, too, in the brevity, in the very thinness of the essays. But abstention is apt to end in baldness and in very puzzling ellipses. And then there is so much she does not abstain from. Her love of "Latinity," a protest against the crudeness of Teutonic expression, and a certain want of lucidity in her thinking, make up a difficulty which it is not always worth while overcoming. Add to these the "preciousness," which is not so much affectation as a symbol of over-conscious aloofness from all the opinions of the many, and you get the components of a style which at its worst can be described only by a word forbidden by the code of the polite critic. Her admiration for abstention, her fear of exaggeration and violence, find their best expression in an essay in fine shades, called "A Remembrance," the portrait of an "amateur at living." "He was not inarticulate, he was only silent. He had an exquisite style from which to refrain. The things he abstained from were all exquisite. . . . If I had to equip an author I should ask no better than to arm him and invest him with precisely the riches that were renounced by the man whose intellect, by integrity, had become a presence-chamber." The essay on "Pathos" has a healthy note in reproach of the "officious cleverness" of the modern lachrymose critic, who will persist in seeing round the corner the melancholy which the artist had no intention of presenting. "Unstable Equilibrium"—the subject of which is the masculine leg—makes us think of Mr. Meredith till we discover that it is only of Sir Willoughby we are reminded. Some of the essays are simply fatuous. Mrs. Meynell's chief mental defect seems to be a putting of the cart before the horse. That on "Composure" treats of the comfort to be derived from language. It is a kind of expansion of "that blessed word Mesopotamia." We find in it such sentences as these: "Johnson feared death. Did his noble English control and postpone the terror?" And, "To Letters do we look now for the guidance and direction which the very closeness of the emotion taking us by the heart makes necessary. Shall not the Thing more and more, as we compose ourselves to literature, assume the honour, the hesitation, the leisure, the reconciliation of the Word?" Mrs. Meynell "abstains" from giving us the key to this.

It is a pity that a book which has in it some very sane maxims of life and art, some that need preaching lustily, should so gratuitously prevent its own success. It is a voice crying, not in the wilderness, but inside a high-walled garden, and faintly, lest its timbre should suffer.

The volume of 'Poems,' uniform with the essays, a selection mainly from the earlier published 'Preludes,' have less character, though they have some sweetness and delicacy. "My heart shall be thy Garden" and "The Poet to his Childhood" reach high excellence, and something of the sweetness and austerity the writer yearns for in her prose has found expression in "After a Parting."

> "Thou dost beset the path to every shrine;
> My trembling thoughts discern
> Thy goodness in the good for which I pine;
> And if I turn from but one sin, I turn
> Unto a smile of thine."

G-Y.

* 'The Rhythm of Life, and other essays.' By Alice Meynell. 5s. (Elkin Mathews and John Lane.)
'Poems.' By Alice Meynell. 5s. (Elkin Mathews and John Lane.)

LOWELL'S LAST WORDS ON THE OLD ENGLISH DRAMATISTS.*

This volume, printed from the MS. of lectures read at the Lowell Institute in Boston in 1887, is of a scrappy character. That the lectures were never revised by Mr. Lowell for publication we need hardly to be told. There are two passages, on page 27 and page 131, which contradict each other so flatly as to be notable, though they refer to a matter which is not of first importance to the subject in hand. The lectures are not very weighty, nor very informing, but they are literature. The judgments expressed are wonderfully like those in that youthful book of Lowell's, published in the early forties, recording the conversations of Philip and John on similar subjects, solemn, conscientious conversations, showing much reading and thoughtfulness. Time has given him a lighter touch; he has dropped some of his enthusiasms by the way; he looks at old friends with

* 'The Old English Dramatists.' By James Russell Lowell. (Macmillan.)

cooler, more discriminating eyes, and in his later attitude there is a complete absence of conventionality. Even where he still loves well he strives to be "lenient in his admiration." To Miracle Plays, Moralities, Interludes, he is altogether disrespectful, and will not allow them to be even the collateral ancestors of anything nearer the legitimate Drama than the play of Punch and Judy. There are other statements and points of view open to criticism. He repeats too much the common denial of dramatic talent to writers whose stage-craft was faulty, and he shares the irritating habit of all the commentators, Coleridge and Hazlitt especially, of seeming always to be measuring Shakespeare's contemporaries by Shakespeare's height. And surely he makes too much ado before he owns, for all his wish, that Marlowe was a great poet. He tells his audience that he means to treat them as M. Jourdain wished to be treated in respect of the Latin language; but, after all, his information is casual and unsystematic. Occasionally, in the case of Chapman, for instance, he gives us enough personal details to make us wonder why he should omit such a well-known fact as the difference with Ben Jonson, for which there is a place on page 85. But the only object of picking holes in the book is to warn eager young students, thirsting for information, that in other pages of Mr. Lowell's and elsewhere, not here, will be found the solider part of what they want. In his second and third lectures, on Webster and Chapman, there is real insight for the student as well as pleasure for the reader. And his fanciful illustrations are often very happy in sense as well as form. "Chapman's poem [the translation of Homer]" he says, "makes us feel as if Homer, late in life, had married an English wife, and we were invited to celebrate the coming of age of their only son. The boy, as our country-people say, and as Chapman would have said, favours his mother; there is very little Greek in him, and yet a trick of the gait now and then, and certain tones of voice, recall the father." His judgment of Massinger is interesting and strongly individual, but evidently his sympathy for the high-spirited and generous poet is as much moral as literary. The most delightful passages are the autobiographical ones, like those that lit up Hazlitt's similar lectures before the Surrey Institution, but the real value of the book consists in its further testimony to the permanence of Lowell's glowing conviction that in matters literary, scholarship is good, and patience and industry are good, but that without imagination and affection the critic is naught.

G-Y.

THE ART OF WORLDLY WISDOM.*

The *Testimonia* from various writers of various countries, by which Mr. Jacobs first introduces us to Gracian, read like a weak reproduction of certain catalogues of Mr. Whistler's. True, they contain some eulogies, but they end with this sentence from Mr. John Morley: "I do not myself find Gracian much of a companion, though some of his aphorisms give a neat turn to a commonplace." In spite of Schopenhauer and Sir M. E. Grant Duff and the editor, a good many readers will think that Mr. Morley summed up happily the merits and shortcomings of the Jesuit apostle of "cultismo." But Gracian was no vulgar worldling. His advice is often towards manliness and nobility, and always towards distinction of bearing. There is occasionally a whole-hearted energy about him that wakes us up, and makes us feel the presence of the maker of the maxim, "Use human means as if there were no divine ones, and divine as if there were no human ones." Among the higher-toned sayings are, "Be able to boast that if gallantry, generosity, and fidelity were lost in the world, men would be able to find them again in your own breast"; "Neither affect nor despise etiquette; he cannot be great who is great at such little things"; "God Himself chasteneth not with a rod, but with time"; "Ability is wont to grow old, and with it fame. . . . Try therefore to be born again in valour, in genius, in fortune, in all." Amid much dull commonplace, there are a few gems, and more than a few pithy sayings. The general tone of the whole appears in such maxims as "When you have to refuse, it is often the polite way to talk of something else." "Do pleasant things yourself, unpleasant things through others" "Keep to yourself the final touches of your art." "Have a touch of the trader." "Never die of another's ill-luck." These explain why Balthasar Gracian, who died nearly two-and-a-half centuries ago, is so little known. The world is obstinately idealistic in theory. Prudential and cynical maxims are acted on, but they are not loved. Even the Proverbs of Solomon have not been a source of comfort to many. And then, too, Gracian's wit was too uncertain, and his style not quite perfect enough to win him general honour in the world of letters.

Mr. Jacobs has been bolder and more successful in his translation than Schopenhauer, who is sometimes incredibly cumbersome. But as an annotator he does strange things in the way of finding passages parallel to those in Gracian that are particularly trite. "Never complain," says the Spaniard. "'I make it a point never to complain,' Mr. Disraeli once said in the House," runs the editor's note. And he quotes Mr. Galton, and George Eliot, and Lord Bacon, and Mr. Stevenson for similar superfluous purposes. But it is in his Introduction he sins worst of all. If prefaces must be written nowadays, at least let the writers of them remember their literary obligations. Gracian has a good deal to say about distinction, and about the ugliness of commonness and vulgarity. Companionable or not, it is but fitting he should be introduced with dignity. If his wisdom be that of the market-place, he set it down with a scholar's hand. We cannot follow Mr. Jacobs' reasoning about maxims and aphorisms, but his want of lucidity is forgiveable beside the popular-leader-writer-in-a-hurry tone of his Introduction. Two of his footnotes, for superfluousness and triviality, it would be hard to parallel in an equally serious book. But to Mr. Jacobs the translator our gratitude is due. He has given us Gracian in a convenient shape, and Gracian may be nibbled at with real enjoyment from time to time.

G-Y.

* 'The Art of Worldly Wisdom.' By Balthasar Gracian. Translated from the Spanish, by Joseph Jacobs. Golden Treasury Series. 2s. 6d. net. (Macmillan.)

ABERDEEN DOCTORS.*

A considerable part of this book—a contribution to the fourth century celebration of the foundation of the University of Aberdeen—is of purely local interest. The remainder should find many readers among those who take an interest in Scottish life and character. The Narrative of the Medical School is a curious chapter in educational history, and a further illustration of how each university grows after a fashion of its own, and is not manufactured by charter. The story of this growth gives an opportunity for presenting some strange old-world pictures and portraits. There are not so many good stories in the book as might have been expected. The attempt at collecting these has been made too late. But from old books and papers Mrs. Rodgers has gathered some amusing illustrations of old-fashioned manners, and of the development of medical instruction from the days when the doctor's apprentice was bound by contract to do "all the business of an ordinary house-servant in and without doors" in return for instruction in all his master's science, or as much of it as he might be "able to conceive." The supplementary help given to the profession by ministers, lairds, and lairds' wives, provides some of the most entertaining matter. Experiments were bold, even amongst non-professional leeches. "A lady who was in the habit of collecting medicinal herbs for the use of sick tenants on her husband's estate, was asked how she knew when the herbs were not poisonous. Her reply was, 'Fine that; I try them on the laird first.'"

Among the stories of the careers of famous doctors are some of special interest. Dr. Andrew Moir, the real founder of the Anatomy School, was at once the bogie and the victim of the populace, who looked on his scientific enthusiasm as only ghoulish wickedness. There is a ghastly picturesqueness about the story of the burning of his "burking-house," and indeed about all the "resurrectionist" chapters. Aberdeen professors had few or no dealings with professional body-lifters; the students, under the direction of the authorities, had to provide the "specimens," and had to take their

* 'Aberdeen Doctors, at Home and Abroad. The Narrative of a Medical School.' By Ella Hill Burton Rodgers. (Blackwood.)

lives in their hands many a dark night. Another portrait of milder, but more attractive interest is that of Dr. Adams, of Banchory, the learned country doctor, who would be found in a leisure moment turning an Ode of Horace into Greek verse, till called away by the call of some "shepherd's 'crying wife' up in the solitudes of Clochnaben."

THE BOOKMAN'S TABLE.

THE VANITY FAIR ALBUM, with Biographical and Critical Notes by Jehu Junior. Vol. XXIV., 1892. (*Vanity Fair* Office.)

The Vanity Fair Album is ever welcome, and Vol. XXIV. is even better than many of its predecessors. The supply of public characters interesting enough to be pourtrayed or caricatured seems inexhaustible. The artists, Spy, and Stuff, and Lib, have made few failures, though in Mr. Hardy, Mr. Schnadhorst, and Mr. John Burns they have evidently missed something characteristic. As for Jehu Junior, the amount of information he has collected of the kind that thickens the air of the lobby, or of the club, or of drawing-rooms at tea-time is astounding; and on the whole it is very accurate. Has any one ever made a study of the style of this writer? It deserves study. There must be some deep meaning in his juxtapositions, such as: "He (Mr. Brudenell Carter) uses two pairs of spectacles, and among other things he is a Knight of Grace of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem in England," or, "He (Mr. John Burns) has been heard to quote French, and he has said that the men who have taken least by the big dock strike are the dockers." We wonder how Mr. Walter Pollock likes this: "He has been called a Model of Grace and Breeding; and he has the look and carriage of an Aristocrat," or if Mr. Henry Arthur Jones minds being called "a strong-minded man," or if Mr. Henley objects to his intellect being characterised in this meagre fashion; "Nature waited on him at his birth gracefully, bringing him the gift of an intellect that in its strength is a streak of genius." Jehu Junior is not always, as he says of the *National Observer*, "wholly coherent," but even when he is not he is amusing.

THE DANCE OF DEATH, by Hans Holbein, with an Introductory Note by Austin Dobson. 5s. net. (G. Bell and Sons.)

Inside and out this volume of Messrs. Bell's new series—a series as yet without a name, but which includes also Mr. Egerton Castle's 'English Book-Plates'—is a pleasure to look at. Not one of the least of its attractions is the editor's reticence. Mr. Dobson's preface contains a short description of the original edition, gives the dates of re-issues, the evidence as to Holbein being the artist, some particulars of the wood-cutter Hans Lutzelburger, and an account of the reproductions, all in about six short pages. There is no rhapsody, no irrelevant criticism, for are not the wood-cuts here themselves? Mr. Dobson's "Dance of Death," from the 'Old World Idylls,' is given, and opposite the cuts are the texts from the Vulgate and the French quatrains of Gilles Corozet. The copies of the wood-cuts are impressions from the blocks engraved in 1833 for Douce's 'Holbein's Dance of Death.' So excellent an authority as Mr. W. J. Linton has declared himself to be satisfied with them.

FOOTPRINTS OF STATESMEN, during the Eighteenth Century in England. By Reginald Baliol Brett. 6s. (Macmillan)

Mr. Brett's aim in writing this book is summed up thus: "For the purpose of statesmanship, the useful historian is not the man of encyclopædic mind, who can array vast masses of facts in proper order and sequence, but he who is able to open a lattice in the closed door of the past, and let a ray of light strike upon and illumine some problem or some character of to-day." So he reads yesterday's history by the light of day, too much for a cool historian, it is true, but in at least a suggestive spirit. The book was written, he says, "for the entertainment of a friend," and has no ambitious aim and no pretension to research. But Marlborough and Bolingbroke, and Walpole, and Fox, and Pitt, are living beings in his hands, and he has an admirable talent for summary. As an attractive basis for further study—in the appendix there are two schemes for reading—the book deserves high praise. Instructors may as well know that Mr. Brett writes with the definite aim of tracing the rise and progress of the Liberal party.

PLUTARCH'S ROMANE QUESTIONS. Translated 1603 by Philemon Holland. Now again edited by F. B. Jevons. With Dissertations on Italian Cults, Myths, etc. (Nutt.)

Plutarch was the first to write a formal treatise on folk-lore. By the light of modern science it is seen to be nearly all wrong, but because he asked a great number of ingenious questions—such as, "What is the reason, that he who saved the life of a citizen in the warres, was rewarded with a coronet made of oake braunches?" and "Wherefore founded Romulus the temple of Vulcan without the citie of Rome?"—his book is eminently suggestive. His present editor has set himself to answer Plutarch's questions on matters of Italian mythology in a historical and scientific spirit, but some of the riddles he declares beyond his learning and ingenuity, both of which folk-lorists will recognize as considerable. Old Philemon Holland's translation of Plutarch is an excellent and entertaining bit of English which Mr. Jevons has done well to retain. The pleasure the eye receives from these volumes of the 'Bibliothèque de Carabas' is one deserving hearty acknowledgment.

TWO TRAGEDIES.

TANNHÄUSER. By R. Macleod Fullarton. (Blackwood.)
BASIL THE ICONOCLAST. A Drama of Modern Russia. By Mrs. Frederick Prideaux. (Nutt.)

Mr. Fullarton has avoided some likely errors in his new version of the Tannhäuser legend. He is rarely bombastic or absurd. The maker of plays does not always deserve even so much praise; Mr. Fullarton deserves no more. Not a spark of inspiration or fire appears anywhere. Tannhäuser's songs, and he was the champion minnesinger, would sound dull even in a modern drawing-room.

"Look, look on *my* delight!
My love—is mine!"

is a fair specimen. And the story loses almost all its terror and pitifulness, and all its fascination in hands that seem only to have been taken up with fashioning words to sound as much as possible like those that have appeared before in other books and plays.

'Basil,' though hardly more successful as a play, can at least be read with sympathy and respect. The hero is a Quietist, a kind of peasant Tolstoi, loyal to the Czar, caring little for political change, but waging peaceful war with the indifference and the evil influence of the orthodox Church. The strength and beauty of his character cause a moral revolution in his surroundings, and appeal even to the chief of police, who grants him some measure of protection. But he dies, at last, a victim to the zeal of his friends. The play is too long-winded; the action drags, and Basil's goodness falls too often from the heroic to the insipid. It is perhaps impertinent to wish that Mrs. Prideaux had written a story rather than a drama, but at least we may say if she had cut out about half, the virtues of the remainder would have shone more clearly. She can write blank verse, and there are passages of real beauty in her poem.

NOVEL NOTES, &c.

OUT OF THE JAWS OF DEATH. By Frank Barrett. 3 vols. (Cassell and Co.)

is an excellent sensational story of the kind to be accepted gratefully without any prosaic or useless questions. You don't believe a word of Mr. Barrett's romance, but from the first page to the last you would never think of saying so. The central figure is a Russian popular hero, Taras, Prince Borgensky. He does not salute the Czar with bombs. His dynamite is of a far subtler kind. He executes revolutionary sculptures, and paints pictures of the Verestschagin order, to illustrate the sufferings of Russia and

the horrors of Siberia. He is also a saint, and exceedingly credulous, the victim of much plotting. His deliverer from one ugly plot is "the kipper," a homeless, unwashed London waif, whose usual salutation when addressed is "Garn aw'y!" Taras adopts her, names her Aura, and educates her in an unconventional fashion. His system begins by supplying her with an unlimited power of buying clothes, and some of the garments Taras particularly approved of will astound Mr. Barrett's feminine readers. Till Aura has reached the stage when the Lyceum *répertoire* appeals to her, she is taken to music-halls, for the purpose of developing her imagination. The system has a prodigiously rapid success. Of course Taras has to be rescued from the jaws of death several times, and always by Aura, but she does not finally circumvent his evil genius, a villain of the deepest dye, till she has been kidnapped and taken to Siberia, from which she escapes, and not till several fine revolutionary sculptures of Taras have been smashed, and he himself blinded with vitriol. At the end Taras plays the part of a mild Rochester very prettily, and, of course, the little Shadwell waif becomes the Princess Borgensky. Shadwell, Lambeth and its potteries, the Crystal Palace, and even the fir-woods round Woking have taken on a different aspect since Mr. Barrett has taught us to expect in their neighbourhood the coming and going of mysterious foreigners, dark struggles, the whispers of conspiracy, and rumours of the secret orders of the Czar.

TIME'S REVENGES. By David Christie Murray. 3 vols. (Chatto and Windus.)

Mr. Christie Murray's romance does not keep one so wide awake. It is written in colder tones, though in sensation it is not wanting. It contains a villain as consummate as Mr. Barrett's, who meets his death in a hardly more agreeable fashion, and there are two stories of devotion in love. Time has his revenges in this way. Tom Barton, the hero, is accused of attempted murder in a poaching affair, and, though innocent, is transported for seven years. His convict life over, he strikes "cinnabar," and becomes a millionaire. He had married in England while awaiting his trial. That no stain may attach to their only child, they send him to be brought up by strangers as Michael Hawthorne. Of course Michael falls in love with the daughter of the man his father was accused of murderously attacking, just before he discovers his parents. The complications are serious, for the General will have nothing to say to the son of a convict. But the villain of the story clears these away admirably. He ruins the General by fraud, and Michael's father has to come to the rescue, and he is just about to kill the General, when Michael steps between and receives the bullet. Round his sick-bed Time completes his revenge. But the old mystery of Michael's parentage is kept up, which is about as credible as the parents giving up their son to strangers in his childhood. The story is a trifle heavy, but you get your three-volumes worth of incident and romance and villainy out of it.

LAY DOWN YOUR ARMS. By Baroness von Suttner. Translated by T. Holmes. (Longmans.)

THE ROMANCE OF A SCHOOLMASTER. By E. De Amicis. Translated by M. E. Craig. 3 vols. (Osgood.)

Neither of these novels is of English birth. Both of them are *Tendenz* novels, with some similarity in their methods. There is no other reason why they should be classed together. The Baroness von Suttner's 'Waffen Nieder' has made its way slowly to this country, and, it must be said, in most unattractive guise. It has the outward look of a medical manual, and the English inside is often clumsy enough. The story will not cause the sensation here it did in its own home. We are accustomed to the mild and continuous propaganda of the Peace and Arbitration Association, and our military spirit only rises fitfully. In Austria and Germany 'Waffen Nieder' came as a thunderbolt. Friedrich von Bodenstedt called it a "glorious book," and said since Madame de Staël "no woman had wielded so potent a pen." As an advocate Baroness von Suttner is magnificent. From the Austro-Italian, the Schleswig-Holstein, the Austro-Prussian, the Franco-German wars she gathers proofs enough and to spare of the cruelty, the ghastly folly of militarism. War, in her pages, has not the epic terror Tolstoi gives to it, but its ugliness, its tragedies, general and private, were never more convincingly depicted. Yet it must be owned the book is terribly dull at times. It is relentlessly exhaustive, and when the good Martha and the admirable Friedrich are sucking liberalism and opposition to the military spirit from the pages of Buckle, or when excerpts from Martha's red book are given us, with their nauseous amount of domestic sentiments and detail, one's patience is tried. Madame v. Suttner maunders occasionally, and does not see when a vivid fact might have saved her the trouble of a sermon. There is little art in the book, but it is a magnificent pamphlet crowded with illustrations taken from terrible reality.

The theme of the other is quite different: its purpose is equally humane. The title alludes to but a small bit of it. It is not the romance, but the career, of a schoolmaster, of several schoolmasters, of many schoolmistresses. It is a presentment of the state of Italian elementary education, but with a distinct interest beyond the bounds of Italy. The Signor de Amicis is painfully conscientious. When he would have us know what a "syndic," or a superintendent, or an inspector is like, he lets us see many syndics, many superintendents and inspectors, acting under different circumstances, actuated by various motives. He, too, is relentlessly exhaustive, which is the more courageous, as pedagogic details are not generally held to be popular. In the end, however, if we reach there, he does convince us of the romance in the lives of these A B C-grinders, whose hardships must indeed be great and whose position must be ignominious, if there be no exaggeration in this very circumstantial account. It is not a novel so much as a series of photographs, and it has the defects and the usefulness of its method. In spite of its obtrusive purpose, its unblushing demand for patience, it is full of human interest and fine observation of character. Perhaps its most remarkable feature is the reverence and affection for children that pervades it.

GEOFFORY HAMILTON. By E. H. Cooper. 2 vols. (Chatto and Windus.)

This is a novel apparently in two volumes. Surely the third one must be on the way to justify Geoffory's position as hero. If it were a very worthless story we might be indifferent on the point, but it is not; there is a certain youthful freshness about it that attracts one to resentment at its shortcomings. It might be called a romance of Young Oxford if there were any romance in it, but there is none. Geoffory and his brother Jack and their friends ran into debt most unconscientiously, bet very hard, and seemed to lead rather noisy and frivolous lives. But they were very superior young persons, nevertheless. They went to "doubtful entertainments, and consorted with people not at all doubtful," but they would have been ashamed to find real pleasure in such. It was bad form to get "ploughed"; it was perhaps worse form to read hard. But in their most frivolous moments there was always "a barrier of Greek and Latin history, and poetry and philosophy between themselves, and inanity and ignorant vulgarity." How Geoffory and his brother managed to pile up this barrier is hard to guess. When schools were in prospect they sometimes read for almost a whole hour a day. But there is evidently something magical in Oxford air, for to one of their set, who exhibited no signs of exceptionally strong intellect, a strange thing happened. In the schools there rushed into his mind verses almost complete, and filled with thoughts and poetry "which Æschylus need hardly have been ashamed of." But to return to Geoffory. Beyond idling at Oxford, joining in the family quarrels at home, and being received, for no particular reason it would seem, into the Anglican Church—he had been a Catholic—and going out with a political mission to Canada, in which he took no special interest, and beyond meaning perhaps sometime to take to politics at home, he does nothing and says nothing of any interest or importance whatsoever. He never falls in love, or into peril of any kind; he is never hot or cold. He has a lively brother, a disagreeable sister, and a rakish father, and any of these would have served Mr. Cooper's purpose better.

BLOOD ROYAL. By Grant Allen. (Chatto and Windus.)

Young Oxford has another turn in Mr. Grant Allen's story. Here, let us hope, it is portrayed less faithfully still. There is one picture of an undergraduate's pastime about as mean and ugly as could well be imagined. The Born Poet is an amazing young fool, but he and those his cultured self would consort with are hardly to be credited with so brutal a practical joke. However, the story does not turn mainly on Young Oxford but on 'Blood Royal,' the blood royal flowing in the veins of the hero, Richard Plantagenet. Dick believes himself to be the descendant of a mighty line of kings, and though the son of a broken-down man of letters—now a dancing-master and bar-loafer in a Surrey town—feels impelled to comport himself as the descendants of kings have not always done, *i.e.*, to be an excellent son and brother. After serving as a model book-shop assistant, he gains a scholarship at Oxford, and falls in love, very respectfully, with a young governess, whose name, of course, is Mary Tudor. On the death of the old dancing-master—an indirect result of the particularly refined joke of the Born Poet and his comrades—Dick is called on to support the family before his Oxford career is over. Here Mr. Grant Allen has borrowed a story from real life, though he has not borne it out to the end. The lad signifies his intention of keeping the dancing-class together. Mary Tudor accepts the situation in a royal fashion, but the sacrifice is never made, for the Born Poet's father steps in to provide employment for him in the Record Office. Among other lineages he traces his own, with just one gap, which can be filled up only from the books of a little Suffolk church. The visit to Suffolk provides the tragedy and comedy of the story. The "missing link" was Plantagenet only by nickname—one Muggins. The pilgrimage seemed to blight Dick's life, which had been fed and stimulated heretofore on the belief in his 'Blood Royal,' but as he secures two hundred thousand pounds of Muggins' property for his family, as well as Oxford and Mary Tudor, there are compensations for his rude awakening. It is a bright, impossible story, written in Mr. Grant Allen's best mood.

IN SUMMER SHADE. By Mary E. Mann. 3 vols. (Henry and Co.)

'In Summer Shade' is an excellent story—at least it is excellently told. To some of the incidents we bear a grudge. But in very few recent novels will there be found anything approaching its grasp of character and firmness of touch. The writer looks at life with a very straight eye. She certainly does not err on the side of idealizing character, and is not at all averse to laughing at those with whom she is on friendly terms. The Burnes' household—the weak, amiable, broken-down father; the mother with her gipsy blood and her tawdry, indolent ways; and the family of beautiful daughters that have struggled up somehow without education or ready money—are capitally drawn. Mary, the heroine, is a most faulty young woman. She very often does not do her duty; she is reckless and bold of speech, and absolutely lacking in judgment where her own affairs are concerned. She is also worldly, but we understand the fascination exercised by her warm vitality. Her infatuation for the high-bred, poor-souled Claude is as irritating as the things one hears of in real life, and we hand Mary over to her fate with a wrench of disappointment, and mourn deeply the fate of the boorish, honest Bob, and the generous, spoilt, and drunken Spilling. But if we differ from the authoress on some points of procedure, she has our interest, nevertheless, all along. Her characters are not made of ink and paper, but of flesh and blood, and her book has no flimsiness in either its thought or workmanship.

SUSY. By Bret Harte. (Chatto and Windus.)

Mr. Bret Harte has written nothing so uniformly good for a long time. The unsettled state of land tenure in California consequent on the dispossession of the old bankrupt Spanish families before their influence had died out, and the uncertainty of the new titles, provide the incidents of the story. Judge Peyton's claim to the Robles Rancho was disputed. Speculators in San Francisco had brought out a new title, encouraged by the enmity of one of the old Robles family whom Peyton had kept on in his service till he quarrelled with him. Peyton is murdered, and the signal is given to the new tenants to take possession. They are circumvented by the quickness of Clarence Brant, once a poor waif, now a young man of fortune, who owed the first kindness he had ever known in childhood to Judge Peyton. He buys the new title, saves the widow from eviction, and in the course of his impulsive proceedings ruins himself. But the main interest of the story lies rather in the characters than in the incidents. Susy, the adopted daughter of the Peytons, is a spoilt child, with a comely person, and a love of mystery and excitement. Mrs. Peyton yearns after her maternally, but is never able to win her affections. Clarence believes she is the lady of his heart while she is still a little schoolgirl. Mr. Bret Harte almost sets a trap for his readers, who probably see him suddenly transforming this shallow little coquette, this little *poseuse*, into a heroine, with deep if wayward affections, her love of double-dealing and her discontent with her circumstances, proved to be but the immature workings of her imagination. They will be ready to declaim against the folly and blindness and inartistic optimism of novelists in general till they discover suddenly that this one at least knows what he is about. He lets her freely develop her silliness and her duplicity, and finds her a fitting berth at last, not as the wife of the hero, but as a fifth-rate actress in a Sacramento theatre, married to a kind of a Buffalo Bill, who has been the comic man of the story throughout. Susy is one of Bret Harte's most truthful creations.

A MORAL DILEMMA. By Annie Thompson. (Longmans.)

The scene of this story is laid in a country parish on the Ayrshire coast within sight of the Arran Hills. Some freshness from hill and sea lingers about the pages, but it has few other merits. A book is bold to set out on its career with such a label attached as the flabby bit of Amiel on the title-page of this one. Whether the dilemma is a genuine one or not, the story ends unsatisfactorily. Alan Twiss, dying of consumption at sea, confides to Cayford, a stranger (1) that certain persons believe him to have committed a fraud, and (2) that he loves a certain Mary—he alludes to her thus vaguely. He entrusts Cayford with proofs of his innocence, and of the guilt of Mark Presslie, and is especially anxious that Mary should be convinced by them. When Cayford returns to Ayrshire, intending to marry, he finds that Twiss's Mary is his also, that she never heard of the accusations against Twiss, and had forgotten his existence. But she will have none of Cayford, being engaged to Gavin Wishart, otherwise Mark Presslie. A knowledge of Wishart's villainy would kill her, and Wishart is evidently reformed. Here comes Cayford's dilemma, to keep his promise to a dead man, or ruin the happiness of the woman he loves. The mechanism of the story is ingenious; the writing and the development of the characters are crude. Mary, the heroine, has, we hear, "a beautiful soul." "To the less clear spiritual vision of those around her it appeared to be almost without flaw." In reality, she is a young woman of twenty-five with the intellect of a child of ten, sympathetically obtuse, so thick-skinned or self-absorbed as to be constantly inflicting suffering on the more finely organized persons around her. "Beautiful souls" may have poor intellects, but they must, at least, have moral genius.

THE MAN WITH THE SEVEN HEARTS. By A. Burrell. (Stock.)

In this little volume is a queer assortment of stories, good, bad, and middling. There is a sprinkling of verse too, mostly bad. What we like least is the interruptions of certain poor conversationalists, the Philosopher, a lady who sings heavy songs, the Critic, the Reader, and the Casual, a German who makes foolish remarks in broken English. Some of the stories are allegorical and not very understandable; some are sentimental, inclining to the maudlin, and others are funny in a rollicking kind of way. Mr. Burrell has some fancy, and may be expected to do better than this. We can't find the object of 'The Ending of the Way,' and have our doubt about 'The Man with the Seven Hearts,' but believe it to be elevating in character. We are, therefore, shocked and much relieved by 'The Mystic Six,' which is broad farce, and by 'The Crack Scholarship,' which should be funnier than it is.

THE YOUNG AUTHOR'S PAGE.

REGULATIONS FOR YOUNG AUTHOR'S PAGE.

1. *All MSS. must bear the real name and address of the writer, and also initials or* nom de plume *for designation in* THE BOOKMAN. (*An infringement of this regulation is the frequent cause of the delay in noticing MSS. that are sent.*)

2. *Should writers desire their MSS. returned, they must send stamped addressed envelopes or wrappers. When this rule is complied with we shall make every endeavour to return the MSS. But we undertake no responsibility whatever for their custody or safe return, and writers are earnestly requested to keep copies.*

3. *MSS. received on or before the 15th of the month will be noticed, if possible, in the next number.*

4. *Not more than one contribution may be sent by any one contributor in one month.*

5. *The terms for fuller opinions on MSS. may be had on application to the*

Editor of the Young Author's Page,
'Bookman' Office,
27, Paternoster Row, London,

to whom all MSS. must be addressed.

The Editor cannot guarantee that inquiries concerning this column shall be answered before the end of the month.

AN EXPERIMENTER.—Very good. The sketch is of better quality than the story, but some of the minor incidents might be omitted or brightened, while still adhering to the impression made on you by the scene. There is one excellent touch on the last page but one. The most promising point about the things you have sent is not any remarkable sign of literary ability, but the human feeling they give evidence of.

"A DAUGHTER OF HETH."—Most dispiriting, but by no means badly written. There is a streak of improbability in it, however. His incapacity would never have come on his friends with such suddenness. He surely would have gradually been found out. And how you permitted yourself that hideously bad joke on p. 6 in such a story passes one's comprehension! But, on the whole, this is promising.

APEX.—The illustrations are excellent, and the reflections bright. Send it to a northern periodical, a newspaper by preference. It is much too slight for a magazine article.

β.—Your poem is a serious effort, and by no means worthless, but it is of the kind that must inevitably remain in your own desk. As practice in the eighteenth-century fashion of metre, it is all very well, but I should not advise you to repeat the experiment. It is wonderful how easily commonplace prose fits into that metre. Your verse is not at all "in original strain," to use your own words. The reflections are cheap, and their expression ponderous. Compare Wordsworth's Ode, stanza vii., "See at his feet," etc., with your version. Your reflections on p. 3 on "Drunkenness and Lust and grasping Greed" are incongruous in the highest degree in connection with your "four summer's urchin." Your brightest point is your cruel distinction between critics and men. I find consolation in a line on p. 5, and hope "My censure" may be "your passport to success."

B. R. O.—Really amusing. You should send it to a Scotch newspaper. The dialect would be a stumbling-block elsewhere, for Kirsty does not only talk Scotch, but archaic Scotch. And can you not make her a little less aggressively disagreeable? Her art criticisms are delightful, but it must be owned she gave Angelica some cause for aversion. As "a capable and loving help-meet" she is no longer recognisable. There is a touch of burlesque about your ingenious ending of Angelica's troubles.

BELLE.—Your next Old Year reflections will be more cheerful if you refrain from writing this kind of verse.

COSMO.—Good. Are you sure a dream is the best form to put it in? You might contrive to make the parodies a little funnier. Then it might be admitted into a periodical of larger circulation. But do not offer it in ambitious directions.

E. DON.—Sonnet 1 has got a good idea in it; three lines of it, 12, 13, 14 are good, the beginning is bad. No. 2 contains a picture, but is awkwardly worded and vague, especially lines 11, 12, 13. No. 3 might be the best, if it were, as the others should be, made over again. The fragments are too fragmentary for criticism. The verses From the Depths of your Box might have been left there. A good deal of what you write is genuinely poetical, but unsatisfactory because of the loose and slovenly workmanship it shows. And its illegibility makes one sometimes miss the point, probably. A revision of your old material would be the best thing you could set about.

EDITOR OF *The Serious Trifler*.—No. 1 of this important periodical, intended to rescue a considerable number of young authors from neglect and despair, has been received by us. The editor kindly sends a key to the anonymous contributors, but, presumably, does not invite criticism on efforts which have received his *imprimantur*. Judging from the number and variety of his own contributions, it may be observed that in zeal and industry he is not as most editors. But with regard to his last section, let him take a friendly warning. Let him keep prudent guard on his facetiousness. It could not be kept to this level throughout the year.

ELISE.—Not nearly so effective as I can guess you meant it to be. You raise expectations about the sunburnt hero with the eyes that manage to be dreamy and fierce at the same time, but they come to nothing. If the mysterious romance may not be told, at least you might explain how the Argentine adventurer turned into the sentimental 'cellist. The point of the sketch is evidently the hero's return to his mother, but you have missed your opportunity also with the mother. As to details, there is too much division into paragraphs. It gives a staccato style which is probably not intentional.

EN AVANT.—Rest for a good while after this effort.

G. J.—The intoxicating air of "the morning" has got into your head. When you read your rhapsody again in a sober mood you will find a good deal of nonsense in it. And even a finer frenzy than yours would not cover such sins as some of your doggerel rhymes. What is the meaning of "her heart is free from all strangling fashion"?

G. R. A.—This is but the echo of some sermons you have heard, attuned to the metre of an inferior hymn. Poetry can't be made in that second-hand way.

GAX.—First two verses of the Jacobite song fair; the others not good at all. Don't moralise in a song. The sonnet is prosy. The In Memoriam verses much the best.

H. A. G.—It is not exactly dull, though it wants some life put into it. The conversion to virtue of a man who does mean things (Leroy) is always a little hard to believe in. And your heroine (Gillian) is not made all of a piece. But it is a conscientiously written story, with an excellent moral, and the kind of tale that half-grown-up girls find both interesting and elevating. You might try to persuade a girls' magazine to take it.

HURRY.—Your MS. is a mass of really good but quite undigested material. Perhaps the explanation of the defect lies in what you say: "Most of the scenes and characters are taken from life—I didn't invent any of the stories." The result is like a kind of blurred photograph of bits of walls, corners of windows, the head of one person, the body of another, and the limbs of a great many who are of no importance at all. You have quite enough knowledge of character and imagination to write a good story, if only you could learn to omit largely, to select rigidly. The verses are good, but also rather long.

J. W. D.—There is matter in what you write, and feeling, but the form is not good. The beginning is perhaps the worst, and there is a queer mixture of mythologies in pp. 3 and 4. And the reference to your "twin ears" is comic. No one would have supposed them to be otherwise.

M. G. P.—An excellent exercise in geography as well as in verse, but try your hand next time on something nearer home and nearer your heart.

P. T.—Not a success. Try again with a little more time and a greater effort of thought or imagination.

PERE.—The worst of your parable is that the meaning is hard to discover. I have not discovered it. It is well enough written, and sounds as if it had a meaning, but unless an editor were to give it as a riddle to be answered by his juvenile readers, I do not see how he could use it.

R. STOREY.—Amiable in sentiment, but not at all promising as verse. The sonnet form demands dignity in thought and austerity in form. It is singularly unfitting for what you have to say.

R. H. A.—I should not like to discourage so innocent a pastime, nor such admirable sentiments. But "true poetical or rhythmical instinct" is a thing so very rare, that it should not grieve you very much to hear you have not got it for use as a pastime.

RALABAR.—The rhyme you speak of is quite inadmissible. I don't advise you sending No. 2 to the magazine you mention. It is not altogether bad—there are traces of feeling in it. No. 1 is quite worthless.

STORE LEE.—Why did you put this in verse? The five minutes or so spent in its composition were perhaps justifiably trifled away, but as for seriously criticising it—read verse 4 yourself. That ought to be enough.

THEODORA.—How very dull are your young man and woman, and how very unattractive is their love-making! The story might have been either amusing or pretty. It is neither. It is unrelievedly commonplace, except in the one paragraph describing the scene of the wrecked train.

UNUS.—I can only quote your own letter. "These verses form no whole—are fragmentary—thoughts taken at random here and there from a chain of ideas, the connection of which exists, though not apparent in these lines." It is not apparent, nor is the meaning of the fragments apparent, nor even the words always intelligible, *i.e.*, "the brookleet trinkling," "odoros," "all alilt upon the rein," etc. First, clear your mind, and then write verses. The triolet is lucid enough, but not good.

VICTOR.—Very good as an exercise in a tongue not your own. As poetry, not very promising, rather conventional.

VANBRUGH.—All of them very pretty. No. 1 is the best. Verse 1 of No. 2 is commonplace, and there is some lightness wanted in verse 1 of the Heine-esque one, "Each heart," etc.

W. G. GRUNDY.—Try again in prose, and she will feel more assured. Your defective ear, judging from the metre of these two lyrics, might well cause her to distrust. Verse 3 of No. 1 is something to be sorry for.

W. R. J.—Both of them fair as to metre. Neither has much originality of thought or treatment.

W. K.—Your heroine is a very uninteresting young lady, and there are some improbabilities and contradictions in the story. If she and Jack were "the talk of the town," why was there so little interest shown in Jack's trial—a murder trial, too? Your spelling, grammar, and punctuation are shaky. And here is a sentence to take warning from—"I explained to my father and Kate at breakfast that I must go to the library to change the books, and on to the shop to match some ribbon—I need not have taken the trouble to mention what I was going to do, I went where I liked and when I liked, and no questions asked, as long as I was at home for meals and not in the town after dark; but I suppose it was because I knew the books and ribbon were only an excuse, and the reason I went at that time was that I hoped to meet Jack, that I wished the others to think differently." You have not yet learned how to use your tools.

[*For want of space the comments on some MSS. sent have had to be held over till the March number.*—ED. "*Young Author's Page.*"]

THE NEW BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

THEOLOGY AND PHILOSOPHY.

BARRY, A.—Some Lights of Science on the Faith (Bampton Lectures, 1892), 12/6.....Longmans

BROWN, R.—The Hidden Mystery, or the Revelations of the Word, 10/6.....Nisbet

Cambridge Bible for Schools and Colleges: Ezra and Nehemiah, with Introduction by H. E. Ryle, 4/6.. .....Camb. Univ. Press

CUMMING, J. E.—Scripture Photographs, 2/6 .....Partridge

EVANS, the late W. H.—Sermons for the Church's Year, with Preface by Bishop of St. Asaph, 7/6.....Skeffington

EVETTS, B. T. A.—New Light on the Bible and the Holy Land, illustrated, 21/-.....Cassell

[*A very valuable and interesting work, showing the result of recent researches and discoveries in the East bearing on Bible history. It is intended for general readers rather than for specialists, the writer's intention being "to indicate in some measure the methods followed by Assyriologists, so far as they are intelligible to the laity."*]

FAIRBAIRN, A. M.—Christ in the Centuries, and other Sermons, 3/6. Preachers of the Age.....S. Low

FRY, J. H.—Tears. Ten Sermons, preached for the most part during Lent, 1892, 2/- .....Skeffington

GARBET, E. L.—The late Earl of Rosse's Argument to prove the Truth of the Christian Revelation, Modernised, 3/6 Reeves

GRAHAM, C.—The Glory of God in Redemption, 2/6.....Shaw

GUINNESS, M. G.—Story of the China Inland Mission, vol. 1, 3/6 Morgan

HARRIS, J. R.—Memoranda Sacra, 3/6 .....Hodder & Stoughton

[*Devotional meditations of great beauty and originality.*]

KIRKPATRICK, A. F.—The Doctrine of the Prophets, 6/-..Macmillan

[*The Warburtonian Lectures for 1886-1890. Studies in the work of the Prophets in relation to their own times, and to their contribution to the progress of revelation. The book contains little original research, but as a summary of the main results of recent investigation, and as a thoughtful appreciation of both the human and divine sides of the prophets' work and message, it is worth the attention of all Bible students.*]

LAW, W., Characters and Characteristics of, selected and arranged by A. Whyte, 9/- .....Hodder & Stoughton

[*Dr. Whyte, of Edinburgh, has made an admirable selection from the works of Law, the mystic and non-juror. Either from the point of view of their mystic character, their piety, or regarded merely as models of English style, the extracts are remarkable. The type and binding are of high artistic excellence.*]

LEE, J. W., Rev.—The Making of a Man, 6/- .....Hutchinson

[*A suggestive but not very lucid book, the work of an American theologian. Starting from the assumption that man is the centre of the universe, and that all things were made for him, it considers the various provisions that have been made to satisfy the needs of his nature, physical, intellectual, and spiritual. So far the book is interesting, but the writer finally loses himself and his readers in a mystic haze, which covers we hardly know what.*]

LITTING, G.—Sins Worthily Lamented. Forty-seven Brief Sermons, 4/- Skeffington

LILLY, W. S.—The Great Enigma, 14/- .....Murray

LOCKHART, W.—Dies Tristes, Sermons for Seasons of Sorrow, 6/- Blackwood

MACLAREN, A.—Gospel of St. Luke, 3/6.....Hodder & Stoughton

MACPHERSON, Rev. J.—The Universal Bible Dictionary, 6/- Hodder & Stoughton

[*A very useful volume, compiled from the best authorities. It contains short articles on the words and names in the Canonical Books of Scripture and in the Old Testament Apocrypha. Doctrinal terms have not been included.*]

NORTON, Lord—High and Low Church, 2/6 .....Percival

Pastor in Prayer, The, being Choice Selections of C. H. Spurgeon's Sunday Morning Prayers.....Stock

[*These selections are taken from verbatim reports of the prayers. The subjects to which the prayers were preludes are given.*]

PEARSE, M. G.—The Gospel for the Day, 2/6..Wesleyan Confer. Office

PHILLIPS, F.—Some Mysteries of the Passion, 2/- .....Skeffington

ROWLEY, A. C.—The Christ in the Two Testaments, 2/- .....K. Paul

Scriptures, Hebrew and Christian, arranged and edited by E. T. Bartlett and J. P. Peters, vol. 3, 9/-.....Clarke

Sermon Year-Book, 1892, 6/- .....Hodder & Stoughton

STEWART, R. M.—Church of Scotland, 7/6 .....A. Gardner

STOKES, Rev. G. T.—The Acts of the Apostles, vol. 2, 7/6 Hodder & Stoughton

STORR, R. S.—Bernard of Clairvaux, 9/- .....Hodder & Stoughton

THORNE, H.—Notable Sayings of the Great Teacher, 2/- ....Simpkin

WHITFIELD, Rev. F.—Well Springs of Life, 3/6 .....Nisbet

WORDSWORTH, E.—The Decalogue, 4/6 .....Longmans

NEW EDITIONS.

ALLON, H.—The Indwelling Christ, 3/6 .....Isbister

[*Second edition of a volume of sermons which was prepared as a memorial of the late Dr. Allon's Jubilee, but which had not appeared at the time of his death. The sermons show a deep fund of human sympathy, and an understanding of the needs of to-day.*]

MAGEE, the late Archbishop.—The Gospel and the Age, 3/6...Isbister

[*These remarkable sermons are on the difficulties which arise because of the antagonism of the age in which a preacher lives and the Gospel which he preaches, and on the possible reconcilements of the two. They were specially revised by the late Archbishop of York for publication. The present popular edition is admirable in style, and should bring these thoughtful sermons within the reach of a large number of readers.*]

MAURICE, F. D.—Patriarchs and Lawgivers, 3/6 .....Macmillan

[*Vol. 4 of an excellent popular reprint of Maurice's works. Some of Maurice's finest sermons are contained in this volume. The prefaces to the first and second editions given here are of great interest in connection with the theological history of his time.*]

FICTION.

ALLEN, G.—Blood Royal, 3/6 .....Chatto & Windus

[*See p.* 162.]

AMICIS, E. de—Romance of a Schoolmaster, 3 vols, 25/6 ....Osgood

[*See p.* 161.]

As the Angels.....Stock

[*The love-story of an angelic young woman. It is unfortunately very commonplace in tone and cloying in sentiment, but it has the merit of being very short.*]

AUBYN, A. ST.—Master of St. Benedict's, 2 vols, 21/- Chatto & Windus

BARR, A. E.—A Rose of a Hundred Leaves, 6/-..... Clarke

BARRETT, F.—Kitty's Father, 2 vols., 21/- .....Heinemann

BAYTON, P., Story of, 2/- .....Routledge

BRAY, Captain C.—Randal Davenant, a Tale of the Mahrattas, 5/- F. Warne

[*A stirring tale for boys of the defeat of the Mahrattas at the battle of Paniput, which smoothed away the difficulties for the British conquest of India. The adventures of the English lad, Randal Davenant, among Mahrattas and Fakirs and Thugs, are capitally told, though the reappearance of his old wicked, treacherous schoolfellow at Winchester as a Thug in Delhi is just a little improbable.*]

BURGON, G. B.—His Lordship and Others, 3/6, Whitefriars Library Henry

[*A volume of short stories. They are smartly written, but are not always very amusing. The effort to be funny is a little too evident.*]

BURRELL, A.—The Man with Seven Hearts, and other Stories ..Stock

[*See p.* 162.]

CHRISTEL.—Babette Vivian, 6/- .....Digby & Long

[*The heroine had all the virtues and all the graces. The hero had dark curls, hanging in wild profusion beneath his large hat. He had also a wild, passionate temper, but never showed it, and he went by the name of Jock. Of course he was a long-lost son, Romany Vivian Romany. Then there was a villain of a genuinely dark hue, who died, and all the rest lived happily and talked sentimentally ever after. It is a very ridiculous story, but its guilelessness is attractive.*]

COOPER, E. H.—Geoffory Hamilton, 2 vols., 21/-....Chatto & Windus

[*See p.* 161.]

CUTHELL, E.—Only a Guard Room Dog, 6/-.....Methuen

DEBENHAM, M.—Three Little Maids from School, 2/-.....Masters

DUHRING, J.—Amor in Society, a Study from Life, 7/6 ....Lippincott

DUNCAN, T.—A Canaanitish Woman, 6/-.....Sonnenschein

ELLIOTT, E.—Netta, 6/-.....Digby & Long

[*The writer of this romance has made use of a great many conventional incidents and machinery in the making of it. But the story is nevertheless readable, and shows considerable talent. When will the amateurish novelist learn not to endow all his favourite characters with the supremest talents? With ordinary abilities they would be just as attractive, and less irritating.*]

FARJEON, B. L.—The Mystery of M. Felix, 2/- .....White

GANT, F. J.—From our Dead Selves, 3/6.....Nisbet

GARVEY, J.—Rosamond's Story, 2 vols, 21/- .....Ward & Downey

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HUNGERFORD, Mrs.—Nor Wife, nor Maid, 3/6 .....Heinemann

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KNIGHT, A. L.—The Rajah of Monkey Island, 2/6 ....Ward & Lock

LESLIE, E.—Lady Marjorie, 2/- .....W.C.O.

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Poor Lady Russell, 3/6 .....Unwin

REID, CAPT. M., and GREENWOOD, J.—Stories of Bold Deeds and Brave Men, 2/6.....Ward and Lock

SCOTT, C., and DOBSON, A.—Stories of Valour and Adventure, 2/6 Ward & Lock

Silva Gadelica, I.-XXXI., a Collection of Tales in Irish, trans. by S. H. O'Grady, 2 vols., 42/- .....Williams & Norgate

THOMPSON, A.—A Moral Dilemma, 6/-.....Longmans

[*See p.* 162.]

VANCE, F.—A Woman in Ten Thousand, 3 vols, 31/6 .....Hurst

WATSON, S.—The Berridges of Silverlea, 2/-.....Partridge

WAUGH, E.—Besom Ben Stories, 3/6.....Heywood

WEDMORE, F.—Renunciations, a Chemist in the Suburbs, etc., 3/6 net..... .....Mathews & Lane

WHITBY, B.—In the Sunshine of her Youth, 3 vols, 31/6 .....Hurst

WHYTE, H.—Pearla, or In His Name, and other Tales....Arrowsmith

[*It is difficult to see for whom these tales are meant, as they seem hardly fitted for old or young. They are somewhat purposeless and dull, and the first one about the young lady who would go out without a cloak, and so took consumption and died, is of the objectionable class, religious-silly.*]

WINTER, J. S.—Only Human, 2/6 .....White

WOOD, M. F.—Avenged in Society, 6/- .....Heinemann

YOUNG, E. R.—Stories from an Indian Wigwam, 3/6 .....W.C.O.

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[*A very amiable story, not very life-like and somewhat insipid, and hardly on a level with the rest of the writer's work.*]

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[*The 'Vision Voices' are not very musical nor do they express any very profound truth, but they speak enough of good sense to make it a matter of regret that the utterances should be set down on pink paper with hideous blue designs on it.*]

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FIELD, M.—Stephania, a Trialogue in Three Acts, 6/-Mathews & Lane
FULLARTON, R. M.—Tannhäuser, 6/- .....Blackwood
[*See p.* 160.]
GATES, W. F.—Musical Mosaics, 6/-.....W. Reeves
HERON-ALLEN, E.—De Fidiculis Bibliographia, part 4, 2/6 net Griffith & Farran
[*The compiler of this interesting 'Bibliography of the Violin' has now reached the section of* Belles Lettres. *His difficulties here have been great, for, as he says, "A story in which one of the principal characters is* not *a violinist is now the exception." He has, therefore, been obliged to banish from his Bibliography the names of any works in which the violinist is not the central figure. Even with this rigid method of selection, the number of novels, stories, poems, dramas, in which fiddlers play a "first fiddle," is astonishing.*]
HOUGHTON, Lord.—Stray Leaves, 1889-90, 5/-.....Murray
IRVING, H.—The Drama, Addresses, 3/6 .....Heinemann
[*Four Addresses on the Stage as it is, the Art of Acting (Harvard), Four Great Actors, and the Art of Acting (Edinburgh). That on Four Great Actors—Edmund Kean, Burbage, Betterton, and Garrick—considered as the four greatest champions in their respective ages, on the stage, of nature in contradistinction to artificiality, is specially full of interest; while in the later of the two on the Art of Acting, the note of idealism which Mr. Irving sounds has a hearty ring, and he proves himself a good champion of his own point of view. The book is a very pretty one.*]
LOWELL, J. R.—Old English Dramatists, 5/-.....Macmillan
[*See p.* 158.]
MARTELLIUS.—Joy and Health .....Cassell
[*Very thoughtful verses on religious and kindred subjects, showing much sensibility and no small degree of talent.*]
MOULTON, L. C.—In the Garden of Dreams; Lyrics and Sonnets, 6/- Macmillan
PINERO, A. W.—Dandy Dick, 1/6 .....Heinemann
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WALLER, E.—Poems, edited by G. T. Drury. Muses Library. 5/- net.....Lawrence & Bullen
Wordsworth's Poetical Works. Edited by E. Dowden. Vols. II. and III., 2/6 each .....Bell
[*Vols. 2 and 3 of the "Aldine Edition" contain 'Poems of the Fancy,' 'Poems of the Imagination,' 'Miscellaneous Sonnets,' 'Memorials of a Tour in Scotland, 1814,' 'Poems Dedicated to National Independence and Liberty,' 'Memorials of a Tour on the Continent,' 'Memorial of a Tour in Italy,' 'The River Duddon,' 'Yarrow Revisited.' This edition will be noticed more fully when it is completed.*]

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NICOLL, W. R., edited by—Songs of Rest.... Hodder & Stoughton
Shakespeare's Songs and Sonnets. Golden Treasury Series. 2/6 net Macmillan
[*This deserves its place as a favourite edition of the sonnets. It is only a little over-edited. It has no other defect.*]

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Across France in a Caravan, by author of 'A Day of my life at Eton,' 15/- .....Blackwood
Allston, W., Life and Letters of, by J. B. Flagg, 25/- .....Bentley
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BECK, W.—The Friends; Who they are. What they have done, 5/- Hicks
[*This book contains much interesting matter, but it is put together in a somewhat unattractive fashion. It certainly does not by any means exhaust the available information on the subject, and, indeed, some of the enterprises which Friends have originated are too cursorily dealt with, and many noted and significant names are omitted. But for what it gives we are grateful, and its brief record of this most subtly influential sect in Britain, America, and elsewhere, has much to recommend it to readers.*]
BEDFORD, W. K. R.—Letters from and to C. K. Sharpe, 2 vols, 52/6 A. Gardner
Biographies of Eminent Persons. Reprinted from *The Times*, vol. i., 3/6 Macmillan
[*This selection from 'Times' leading articles and obituary notices from 1870 to 1875 has been made with discretion and success. The essays, which include those of Dickens, Sir John Herschell, Mazzini, Charles Lever, Lord Westbury, J. S. Mill, Guizot, Kingsley, and Helps, among others, are many of them models of what such biographies should be, both as regards the information given and the judgments expressed. Not a few of them have a permanent value, and the next volume will be looked for with interest.*]
BRETT, R. B.—Footprints of Statesmen during the Eighteenth Century in England, 6/- .....Macmillan
[*See p.* 160.]
BROWN, J. C.—People of Finland in Archaic Times, 5/- .....Paul
CARPENTER, E.—From Adam's Peak to Elephanta, Sketches in Ceylon and India, 15/- .....Sonnenschein
DAVIS, R. H.—The West from a Car Window, 6/6.....Gay & Bird
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ELLIOT, F.—Diary of an Idle Woman in Constantinople, 14/- Murray
GREEN, J. R.—A Short History of the English People, vol. ii., 12/- net Macmillan
[*Vol. II. of this superb illustrated edition, which we hope to review in more detail later, extends from the Hundred Years War to the end of Elizabeth's reign. No praise can be too high for the pains and the research which the two editors, Mr. J. R. Green and Miss Kate Norgate, have taken in procuring illustrations to throw light on the characters, the customs, and the art of the times.*]
JESSE, Capt.—Life of George Brummell, 4/6 .....Sonnenschein
Land of Ararat, by a Special Correspondent, 6/- .....Remington
LOWE, R., Viscount Sherbrooke, Life of, by J. F. Hagan, 10/6 Ward & Downey
MARSDEN, K.—On Sledge and Horseback to Outcast Siberian Lepers, 5/- .....Record Press
[*This story of a remarkable enterprise is full of interest apart from its philanthropic purpose. Miss Marsden has succeeded in interesting her readers in her adventures by the way as well as arousing their sympathy for the objects of her mission. The portraits and other illustrations are good, and the merits of the book justify the fact that it had reached a fourth edition before publication.*]
MCCRINDLE, J. W.—Invasion of India by Alexander the Great, 18/- Constable
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[*See p.* 159.]
Scamper Through the States, A, being an Illustrated Guide to the World's Fair, 1893, 2/- .....Polytechnic Office
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[*Mrs. Ritchie's pleasant echoes of the recollections of three distinguished friends have found favour, for they are in a second edition already. No one had ever a kindlier memory than Mrs. Ritchie, and for their friendliness alone these recollections are very notable.*]

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[*A most entertaining pamphlet. The writer has not quite made out his case—that Greek and Latin are Celtic dialects. His methods of proof are too hasty, but he makes etymology almost amusing.*]
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[*This is not a novel, in spite of its title, but it is a good deal more entertaining than most novels, and very instructive. It gives the whole procedure of a trial on the question of a claim for damages, the briefs of the counsel on both sides, the summons to witnesses, the correspondence, addresses of counsel, cross-examination in court, and summary of the expenses. The writer hopes he need not apologise to the profession for disclosing details which are generally veiled in mystery, but we think it likely that the profession may slightly frown on his work, though it is only judges that come under Mr. Davis' condemnation. The laity will, however, thank him for his plain statement of how such things are arranged, and novelists shaky in law procedure will find the book a treasure.*]
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HOLBEIN'S Dance of Death, edited with an Introductory Note by Austin Dobson, 5/- net.....Bell
[*See p.* 160.]
HORACE.—Satires, bk. I. Trans. by E. R. Wharton, 2/-.....Parker
HURST, G. H.—Printers' Colours, Oils, and Varnishes; a Practical Manual, 12/6 .....Griffin
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PITMAN'S Shorthand Instructor, 3/6.....Pitman
PROCTOR, R. A.—Old and New Astronomy, completed by A. C. Ranyard, 36/- .....Longmans
Quintiliani Institutionis Oratoriæ, Liber x., ed. by W. Peterson, 3/6 Frowde
RABELAIS, Master FRANCIS—Five Books, translated by Urquhart and Motteux, illustrated by Chalon, 2 vols, 63/- Lawrence & Bullen
ROBY, A. J.—Elementary Latin Grammar, 2/6 .....Macmillan
SANDLAND, Rev. J. P.—The New Art of Healing, 2/6 Marshall Bros.
SCHNEIDER, G.—Book of Choice Ferns, vol ii., 21/-.. .....Gill
SHEARMAN & HAYCRAFT—London Chamber of Arbitration, 2/6 Wilson
SLOANE, T. O'C.—Standard Electric Dictionary, 12/6.....Lockwood
SOUVESTRE, E.—Un Philosophe sous les Toits, edited by H. W. Eve, 2/- .....Camb. Univ. Press
SOWERBY'S English Botany, vol. xiii., 17/- .....Bell
TURNER, D.—Manual of Practical Medical Electricity, 7/6 ..Bailliere
Vanity Fair Album, The, with Biographical and Critical Notices by Jehu Junior, vol. xxiv.....*Vanity Fair* Office
[*See p.* 160.]
WARNER, C. D.—In the Levant, illus. with photogravures, 2 vols, 21/- Osgood
WEBB, H. S. B.—German Historical Reading Book, 5/-.. ....Percival
WILLIAMS, J.—British and French Calculation, 2/-.....Simpkin
WILLOUGHBY, E. F.—Health Officer's Pocket Book, 7/6 ..Lockwood

NEW EDITIONS.

SIMSON, J.—Manual of Syllabic Shorthand, 1/- .....Stock
[*Syllabic shorthand can evidently be learnt in a remarkably short time. The contents of this little book (now in its fifth edition), which is supposed to illustrate the whole system, might well be mastered in a week.*]

MISCELLANEOUS.

ADAMS, J.—Readings in Modern Prose, 2/- .....Longmans
ALISON, R.—Anecdotage of Glasgow, 5/- .....Morison
Anecdota Oxoniensis. Aryan Series, vol. i., pt. 7, 12/6 .....Frowde
Annual Burns Chronicle and Club Directory.—Edited by D. McNaught, No. 2, 1/6.....Menzies, Glasgow
[*Contains interesting articles on Burns and his family, on the editions of his poems, on the late forgeries, etc., etc., by well-known Burns students. It is the repository of the research undertaken and carried out by the members of the Burns Federation instituted at Kilmarnock in* 1885. *Two interesting sections are the Bibliography and the list of Burns' Clubs throughout the world.*]
Armies of To-day, The, 16/- .....Osgood
Bacon's Advancement of Learning. Book I., edited by F. G. Selby, 2/- .....Macmillan
BROUGHTON, T. D.—Letters Written in a Mahratta Camp during 1809, 6/- net.....Constable
BROWN, J.D.—Handbook of Library Appliances, A. Library Association Series No. 1, 1/-, net.....Stott
[*Practical suggestions for the convenient furnishing of libraries. Illustrations of bookshelves, indicators, etc., are given. The pamphlet is an excellent one, and the rest of the series will be eagerly looked for by those who have any interest in or responsibility for the comfort and efficiency of public libraries.*]
CASTLE, E.—English Book Plates (*ex Libris*), 7/6.....Bell
[*See p.* 155.]
COLOMB, Rear-Admiral; MAURICE, Captain; and MAUDE, Captain.—The Great War of 189—, a Forecast, 12/6 ....Heinemann
DARLINGTON, H. R.—Railway Rates and the Carriage of Merchandise by Railway, 25/- .....Stevens
DAVIES, R. D.—Talks with Men, Women, and Children. 4th Series, 6/-.....Alexander & Shepheard
ELLIS, G. A.—The Handy Pocket Reciter, 1/- .....F. Warne
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FORD, R.—Popular Readings in Prose and Verse, 4/- ....A. Gardner
HAZELL'S Annual for 1893, 3/6 .....Hazell
[*Hazell's Annual is as valuable as ever. Its information about men and things is up to date and wonderfully various. It is one of the most indispensable of reference books.*]
HELPS, Sir A.—Essays and Aphorisms, edited by E. A. Helps, "Scott Library," 1/6.....Scott
[*A very companionable selection from 'Friends in Council,' 'Thoughts in the Cloister and the Crowd,' 'The Claims of Labour,' and 'Essays,' which should do much to make Helps a favourite with the new generation of thoughtful readers as he was with their fathers. The introductory essay contains some interesting personal information.*]
LECKY, W. E. H.—The Political Value of History, 2/6.....Arnold
MICHAELIS, H.—New Portuguese Dictionary, 2 vols, 30/-....Simpkin
MONTEFIORE, C. G.—Lecture on the Origin and Growth of Religion, 10/6 (Hibbert Lecture, 1892) .....Williams & Norgate
National Temperance League's Annual, 1893, 1/-.....N.T.L.
[*Dr. Dawson Burns, Dr. Norman Kerr, Lady F. Cavendish, the Duchess of Bedford, and others contribute articles on the various aspects of the Temperance question. Statistics of drink consumption in different countries are given as well as information on the Temperance organisations and their work. Speakers at temperance meetings will find many "points" in this convenient and evidently conscientiously compiled annual.*]
PALGRAVE, R. H. J.—Dictionary of Political Economy, part 4, 3/6 net.....Macmillan
[*Part* 4 *extends from Concourse to Debts, public. The dictionary is a most useful and convenient one. The articles on economic theories and terms, and on deceased economists, English and foreign, have been entrusted to specialists, who have added to their contributions lists of authorities. It will be found invaluable in all libraries public or private.*]
PEARSON, C. H.—National Life and Character, 10/- .....Macmillan
PICKARD, J. H.—Sunbeams of Summer, 1/6 .....Digby & Long
[*Short sketches, descriptive of natural scenes and objects and out-of-door impressions. They are pretty enough in a feeble way; something like Jefferies strongly diluted.*]
PLUTARCH'S Romane Questions, translated A.D. 1603, by Philemon Holland, edited by F. B. Jevons, with Dissertations on Italian Cults, etc., Bibliothèque de Carabas, vol. 7...Nutt
[*See p.* 160.]
ROSS, J. D.—Burnsiana, vol. ii., 2/6.....A. Gardner
SINCLAIR, D.—Vera Vita, the Philosophy of Sympathy, 3/6 Digby & Long
[*The author has discovered that sympathy is the vital force in this world, and the only one that can be employed with real hope of success in any undertaking. So far, his philosophy is admirable. But he leads up to this conclusion by statements which some will find very abstruse, and others will declare to be nonsense. He might give up his ether rays and vibrations and other "scientific" terms, and be none the worse, seeing he has so excellent a sermon to preach.*]
SWEET, H.—Manual of Current Shorthand, Orthographic and Phonetic, 4/6 .....Frowde
SYMONDS, J. A.—In the Key of Blue, 8/6 net.... Mathews & J. Lane
[*A collection of essays on nature, art, and literature, varying much in quality, most of them gathered from various periodicals. The form and binding of the book are beautiful, the design for the cover being by Mr. Ricketts.*]
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TEALL, F. H.—English Compound Words and Phrases, 10/- Funk and Wagnalls
[*This is the most complete list of compound words we have seen, and if the compilation of the list seems rather superfluous, seeing that the multiplication of such words is much to be deprecated, it is certainly of interest as illustrating and putting to the proof the general principles on which the compound words already in the language have been formed. These principles are very clearly stated in the introduction.*]
THORNELY, J. L.—Monumental Brasses of Lancashire, 7/6..Andrews
Thoughts and Teachings of Lacordaire..... Gill, Dublin
[*The choice of selections is a good one, except that the passages are rather short and scrappy. And to fulfil the aim of the book—to make Lacordaire a more popular force—it would have been well to have prefixed a short biographical introduction. Nevertheless, this little compilation provides much food for meditation.*]
VICKERY, J.—Ideals of Life, 5/-..... ....Clarke
[*The ideals have been culled from modern literature mainly, and are embodied in addresses given to young men and women.*]
WHITING, D.—Fruit Farming for Profit in California, 1/- Griffith & Farran
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WILLIAMS, M.—Round London, 15/-.....Macmillan
[*These sketches, 'Down East and Up West,' will be read with a two-fold interest, for their graphic pictures of actual London life, painted with truth and sympathy, and as a record of the keen observation and manysidedness of the 'Poor Man's Magistrate.' They have a permanent value.*]

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BALL, R.—Mediterranean Winter Resorts..... Stanford
[*Practical and sensible. Ordinary tourists as well as invalids will find it to their advantage to buy and consult this handy guide-book, which includes information about Tangier, Algiers, and Egypt, as well as about the French and Italian resorts.*]
BOOTH, C.—Life and Labour of the People, I. & II., 3/6 ea. Macmillan
[*An admirable reissue of the first part of Mr. Booth's remarkable investigations. The text is partly rearranged. The work will be completed in four volumes, to be sold separately. The book is invaluable to all public workers, politicians, and journalists, and is made much more accessible by the present edition.*]
POLLOCK, Sir F.—The Land Laws, 'English Citizen Series,' 2/6 Macmillan
[*This was from the first an excellent handbook, both for the student of history and the ordinary politician. The present edition, the reissue of* 1887, *is practically up to date except in respect to some of the remarks on projective legislation. Recent land agitation might have provided Sir Frederick with some instructive examples, but that he has not chosen to revise his manual to include these will be found no great disadvantage to the student seeking a comprehensive summary of the land laws, and the lines along which land reform travels in England.*]
WALPOLE, S.—The Electorate and the Legislature, 2/6. "English Citizen Series" ..... Macmillan
[*Revised so as to make it a useful handbook for the English citizen in* 1892. *It is probably the best book of its kind.*]

SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH.

New books, in order of demand, as sold between December 15th, 1892, and January 15th, 1893:—

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1. Round London: Down East and Up West, by Montagu Williams, Q.C. 15s. (Macmillan.)
2. Green's Short History of English People. Illustrated. Vol 2. 12s. net. (Macmillan.)
3. The Great War, 189—: A Forecast, by Rear-Admiral Colomb, Col. Maurice, R.A. 12s. 6d. (Heinemann.)
4. The Great Enigma, by W. S. Selby. 14s. (Murray.)
5. Records of a Naturalist on the Amazons, by H. W. Bates. 18s. (Murray.)
6. England in Egypt, by Alfred Milner. 16s. (Arnold.)

LONDON, E.C.

1. Stuart, Children of God. 3s. 6d. (Low.)
2. Petrie, Clews to Holy Writ. 3s. 6d. (Hodder.)
3. Westcott, Gospel of Life. 6s. (Macmillan.)
4. Church Cathedral Sermons. 6s. (Macmillan.)
5. Bruce, Apologetics. 10s. 6d. (Clark.)
6. Marsden's Sledge and Horseback. 6s. (Record Press.)

LIVERPOOL (1).

1. Sherlock Holmes. 6s. (Newnes.)
2. Reminiscences of Dean Hole. 16s. (Arnold.)
3. Sign of Four. 3s. 6d. (Newnes.)
4. Antiquary. Border Edition. 2 vols. 12s. (Nimmo.)
5. Jas. Gilmour of Mongolia. 7s. 6d. (R.T.S.)
6. Lubbock's Beauties of Nature. 6s. (Macmillan.)

LIVERPOOL (2).

1. Horton's Revelation and the Bible.
2. Harris' Newly-discovered Gospel of St. Peter.
3. Smythe's How God Inspired the Bible.
4. Barrie's Little Minister.
5. Hardy's Tess.
6. Moekler-Ferryman's Up the Niger.

MANCHESTER.

1. Horton's Revelation and the Bible.
2. Rendel Harris's Gospel of Peter.
3. Austin Dobson's Ballad of Beau Brocade.
4. Adventures of Sherlock Holmes.
5. Ritchie's Tennyson, Ruskin, and Browning.
6. Green's England, vol. 2.

BIRMINGHAM.

1. Mr. Watson's Poems.
2. Mr. Pemberton's Life of T. W. Robertson.
3. Bishop Westcott: The Gospel of Life.
4. Dean Church: Cathedral Sermons.
5. Montagu Williams: Round London.
6. Mr. Symonds: In the Key of Blue.
7. Mr. Quilter: Preferences in Art.

LEEDS.

1. For Lilias, by Rosa Carey. 6s. (Bentley.)
2. Captain Davy's Honeymoon, by Hall Caine. 3s. 6d. (Heinemann.)
3. Beric the Briton, by Henty. 6s. (Blackie.)
4. The Downfall, by Zola. 3s. 6d. (Chatto & Windus.)
5. Biographies of Eminent Persons. Reprinted from the *Times*. 3s. 6d. (Macmillan.)
6. Poetry of Architecture, by J. Ruskin. 21s. net. (G. Allen.)

BRADFORD.

1. The Man with Seven Hearts, by Burrell. 2s. 6d. (Stock.)
2. Beric the Briton, by Henty. 6s. (Blackie.)
3. Notes on Scripture Lessons, by Peloubet. 5s. (S. S. U.)
4. At Sundown, by Whittier. 5s. 6d. net. (Longman.)
5. Dolly, by Mrs. Burnett. 3s. 6d. (Warne.)
6. Silent Times, by Miller. 3s. 6d. (Nelson.)

HULL.

1. Captain of the Polestar. Conan Doyle. 3s. 6d.
2. Tennyson, all editions.
3. The Downfall, Zola. 3s. 6d. (Chatto)
4. A Soldier's Children. J. S. Winter. 3s. 6d. (Chatto.)
5. Alone on the Wide, Wide Sea. Clark Russell. 3s. 6d. (Chatto.)
6. Dickens, new 2s. 6d. edition. (Chapman & Hall.)

BURNLEY.

1. Lang's Green Fairy Book. 6s. (Longmans.)
2. Petrie's Clews to Holy Writ. 3s. 6d. (Hodder.)
3. Doyle's Sign of Four. 3s. 6d. (Newnes.)
4. Drummond's City without a Church. 1s. (Hodder.)
5. Peloubet's Notes on the International Lessons. 5s. (S. S. Union.)
6. Swan's Guinea Stamp. 5s. (Oliphant.)

SUNDERLAND.

1. Westcott's Gospel of Life.
2. Hardy's Tess of the D'Urbervilles.
4. Sacharissa, Countess of Sunderland.
4. Henty's New Books.
5. Tennyson.
6. Whitaker's Almanack.

TAUNTON.

1. Ballad of Beau Brocade.
2. Gale's Country Muse. Second Series.
3. Dickens' Works.
4. Stock Exchange Year-Book.

EDINBURGH, W.

1. Characters and Characteristics of William Law, Nonjuror and Mystic. With Introduction by Alex. Whyte, D.D. 9s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)
2. The Window in Thrums. By J. M. Barrie. Edition de Luxe. Illustrated by W. Hole, R.S.A. 31s. 6d. net. (Hodder & Stoughton)
3. Songs of Rest. Edited by W. Robertson Nicoll. New edition, revised and enlarged. 5s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)
4. Lyric Love. Edited by W. Watson. 2s. 6d. net. (Macmillan.)
5. The Gospel of Life. By B. F. Westcott, D.D. 6s. (Macmillan.)
6. Cathedral and University Sermons. By R. W. Church. 6s. (Macmillan.)

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1. The Window in Thrums. 6s.
2. The Window in Thrums. Edition de Luxe. 31s.6d. (Hodder and Stoughton.)
3. Schultz' Old Testament Theology. 2 vols. 18s. (T. and T. Clark.)
4. Christ and Society, by Rev. Dr. Donald MacLeod. 3s. 6d. (Isbister & Co.)
5. A Serious Call to a Devout Life, by Wm. Law, M.A. 1s. 6d. (Griffith & Farran.)
6. Songs of Rest, by W. Robertson Nicoll. 5s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

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1. Aberdeen Doctors at Home and Abroad, by Ella Hill Burton Rodger. 10s. 6d.
2. Dr. Kidd, of Aberdeen. 12mo, 3s. net, now out of print.
3. Distinctive Messages of the Old Religions, by Dr. George Matheson. 5s.
4. The Ballad of Beau Brocade, by Austin Dobson. Hugh Thomson's Illustrations. 5s.
5. Days with Sir Roger De Coverley, illustrated by Hugh Thomson. 6s.
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Gilfillan's Letters and Journals. 7s. 6d. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

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1. The Mystery of Hall-in-the-Wood. By Rosa Mulholland. 2s. 6d. (Sunday School Union.)
2. Finn and his Companions. By Standish O'Grady. (Unwin's Children's Library.)
3. Jesus all Beautiful. By Fr. Coleridge, S.J. 6s. 6d. (Burns & Oates.)
4. Irish Idylls. By Jane Barlow. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)
5. Grania. By Hon. Emily Lawless. 6s. (Smith, Elder.)
6. Phases of Thought and Criticism. By Br. Azarias. (Houghton, Mifflin, N.Y.)

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TRADE NOTES.

LONDON.

Mr. Leonard A. Wheatley, for nearly forty years connected with the firm of Messrs. Williams and Norgate, has acquired the business of Mr. Fred. Norgate, publisher, 7, King Street, Covent Garden. Mr. Wheatley will add to the publishing business that of foreign bookseller, for which his long experience should be of advantage to him.

An amalgamation is announced as to take place from 1st January, 1893, of the firms of Castle and Lamb, 133, Salisbury Square, and William Allen and Storr, Caxton House, Paternoster Square. The partners, who have for some years had control of the separate houses, remain in the consolidated firm, which will henceforth be known as Castle, Lamb and Storr.

HEREFORD.

Mr. Thomas Carver (of the firm of Messrs. Jakeman and Carver, 4 and 5, High Town, Hereford) has opened a secondhand book shop at 6, High Street. Since the death of Mr. Colwell, a few years ago, there has been no secondhand depot here.

TUNBRIDGE WELLS.

Mr. T. Burleigh, of Putney and Wandsworth, has disposed of his business at Tunbridge Wells; it is now carried on as the Grosvenor Library, Tunbridge Wells. Mr. Arliss, who managed for Mr. Burleigh, assumes control.

The subject most agitating the minds of the trade is that of increased carriage; here (through having a contract with the Globe Co.) we are only charged an additional 1d. per cwt.; in towns large distances from London it will seriously affect booksellers, allowing 3d. in the 1s. If the country trade is wise and acts promptly, a return to the 2d. in 1s. can be arranged. London is beyond redemption.

BOOKS WANTED.

Regular subscribers, whether booksellers or not, and whether receiving their copies from the publishers or not, are entitled to have the titles of six books inserted in the *Books Wanted* section, provided space admits, without charge. For every additional line 4d. will be charged. For other than subscribers there will be a uniform charge of 4d. per line. 4d. per line will be charged for announcements of *Books for Sale*.

F. G. AYLWARD, BROOMY HILL, HEREFORD.

Bibliography of the Writings of John Ruskin, edited by T. J. Wise, 4to, parts 1, 2, 3, 6, 7, 11.

BAILY AND SON, 128, DYER STREET, CIRENCESTER.

W. Saville Kent's Manual of Infusoria, 3 vols., royal 8vo, 1880-82.
A. Pritchard's History of Infusoria, fourth edition, 8vo, 1861.
Allman's British Freshwater Polyzoa, folio, Ray Society, 1856.
Blackwall's Spiders of Great Britain and Ireland, folio, part 2, Ray Society, 1864.
Alder & Hancock's Nudibranchiate Mollusca, parts 5, 6, 7, Ray Society.
Charles Wilkes' Narrative of the United States Exploring Expedition, 5 vols. and Atlas, royal 8vo, Philadelphia, 1845.
William Dampier's Collection of Voyages, 4 vols., 8vo, 1729.
Robert Brown's Prodromus Florae Novae Hollandiae, vol. 1, 8vo, 1810.
D. Collins' Account of the English Colony in New South Wales, vol. 2, 4to, 1802.
E. J. Wakefield's Adventures in New Zealand, the large folio Atlas only, containing Views and Coloured Botanical Plates, 1845.
Rev. Cobbold's History of Margaret Catchpole, 3 vols., plates, 1845.
Atkyns' Gloucestershire, Plates of Arms, first edition, 1712.
Cotteswold Naturalists' Field Club (Proceedings of).
E. Donovan's British Insects, vols. 11-16, royal 8vo, 1801-13.

J. BAKER & SON, THE MALL, CLIFTON.

Blumenbach's Physiology. Translated by Dr. Carpenter.
Bagehot's Literary Studies.
" Estimates of some Englishmen and Scotchmen.

BARNICOTT AND PEARCE, 44, FORE STREET, TAUNTON.
Tit Bits Questions; series 1, 3, 4.
The Octave Family, by Winnie Bishop.
Great Ecclesiastical Historians of the first six centuries of the Christian era, 6 vols., Bagster, 1844.

J. W. BLINKHORN & CO., CAPE TOWN, AND 14, BUNHILL ROW, LONDON, E.C.
Balzac's Droll Stories, p. 8vo, 12s. 6d. Chatto, 1874 (Contes Drolatiques). Illustrated by G. Doré (Trans.)

W. A. BONES, MARYPORT STREET, DEVIZES.
Dr. Cheever's Hill Difficulty, or the Jewish Pilgrim's Progress, complete American edition.

BRIGDEN & CO., GLOUCESTER.
Darby on the Spirit (Plymouth B.).
Perty's Intellectual Life of Animals.
Buchner's Mind in Animals.
Taylor's (Isaac) Names and Places.
Sala's Twice Round the Clock.
Cassell's French and English Correspondence for Young Ladies.
Vision of Piers Ploughman.
Baxter's Life of Faith.
Stowell's (W. H.) Lecture on the Work of the Spirit. (Jackson, 1853.)

THOMAS BROWN & CO., 9, RAY STREET, FARRINGDON ROAD.
Hume & Smollett's History of England, 13 vols., Oxford, 1826.
Gibbon's Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire, 8 vols., *ibid.*, 1828.
Clarendon's Rebellion and Life, 11 vols., *ibid.*, 1826.
Johnson's Works with Debates, 11 vols., *ibid.*, 1825.
Boswell's Johnson, 4 vols., *ibid.*, 1826.

R. BURNETT, UNION COTTAGE, ST. JOHN STREET, COATBRIDGE, N.B.
The Last Days of Heinrich Heine, by Camille Selden. Translated by Clare Brune. Remington & Co. 1884.

THOMAS CARVER, 6, HIGH STREET, HEREFORD.
Duncumb's History of Herefordshire.
Robinson's Manors of Herefordshire.
Lewis and Short's Latin Dictionary.
Tennyson's Ode on Death of Wellington, 1852.
The Gem, 1831.
Friendship's Offering, 1832-1833.
Keepsake, 1837-1851.

W. E. CLEGG, 30, MARKET PLACE, OLDHAM.
Picton's (J. Allanson, M.P.) Rise and Fall of the English Commonwealth.
Stradivari's Tuscan Strad (Hill & Son, 35, New Bond Street).

F. H. CROSSLEY, MERE, NEAR KNUTSFORD.
Truth Christmas Number, 1887.
Royal Academy Pictures, pt. 1, 1891.
Mermaid Series of English Dramatists.

MIDLAND EDUCATIONAL COMPANY, BIRMINGHAM. *Secondhand Book Department.*
Oxford Bible, indexed.
Sowerby's Index of British Shells.
Essays in Little, L.P.
Green's History, vol. 3.
Germine Lacerteux.
Sully's Psychology.

MISS EILEEN FORDE, SEAVIEW HOUSE, BOOTERSTOWN, CO. DUBLIN.
Rudyard Kipling's City of Dreadful Night.

JOHN GALWEY, 17, GARRICK STREET, COVENT GARDEN.
Yule's Marco Polo, 1875.
Curtis's Botanical Magazine, 1838 and on.
Ibis, 1863-73.
Mallock's New Republic, 2 vols.
Shelley's Revolt of Islam, uncut.
" Adonais "
" Alastor "
Swainson's Birds of Brazil.
Humphrey and Westwood's Moths, vol. 1, 1843.
Wallace's Travels on the Amazon, 8vo.
Symond's Renaissance in Italy, 7 vols.
Borrow's Bible in Spain, 1st edition uncut.
" Romany Rye " "
" Wild Wales " "
" Lavengro " "
Records of the Past, 15 vols.

ALEXANDER GARDNER, PAISLEY.
Waverley Novels, 48 vols., 1859.
" " 25 vols., 1852.
Benvenuto Cellini. Nimmo. L.P. and S.P.
Scottish Text Society, Leslie's History of Scotland, Parts 1 and 2.
Historical Society issues.
Jubinal's Saint Brendan.
Window in Thrums, Japanese paper edition.
Violet, by McIntosh. Routledge.
The Duke, by Mrs. Grey. Routledge.

GOULDEN & NYE, HIGH STREET, TUNBRIDGE WELLS.
Stanley's Jewish Church, vol. 1, 8vo edition.
Lang's Gold of Farmiloe, large quarto.
Paton's Life, vols. 1 and 2, secondhand.
Obiter Dicta, 1st series.
Winslow's Midnight Harmonies.

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Cheshire, Any good books upon.
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Wild Wales, 3 vols., 1862.
Vanity Fair, 1848, in parts or bound.
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Law's Serious Call.

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W. K., VICTORIA LIBRARY AND STAMP OFFICE, BOURNEMOUTH.
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Memoirs of Captain Hedley Vicars.

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Reed's Phonographic Reporter, full set.
Lay-Folks' Mass Book, Early Eng. Text Society. Trubner, 1879.

N. MASSEY, CLIFTON MAYFIELD, CORK.
Earee's Album Weeds.
Sutherland's Sign Writing.
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Smith's Kerry.
Irish Language (anything in).

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India; any books or pamphlets.
Bath books, pamphlets, views, etc.
Niagara Fall; books, pamphlets or views.
Josephus; all editions, English or foreign.
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